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TEN THOUSAND MILES

OF

TRAVEL, SPORT, AND ADVENTURE.

THE INTENDED VICTIM.

Page 128.

TEN THOUSAND MILES

OF

TRAVEL, SPORT, AND ADVENTURE.

BY

F. TRENCH TOWNSHEND, B.A.,

CAPTAIN 2ND LIFE GUARDS.

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PREFACE.

The following journal of a five months' trip to the West, which, without including the voyage out and home, comprised a journey of considerably more than ten thousand miles by land and water, is published in the hope that it may prove of some slight interest to those who may be induced, by a love of sport or travel, to undertake the journey across the great North American continent. The opening of the Union Pacific Railroad has now rendered that journey comparatively easy; and the magnificent hunting grounds of the Far West may henceforth be reached without difficulty by the same route. At the period of our visit, the noble sport of buffalo-hunting could not be engaged in without some prospect of danger, which, though it might add to the excitement and romance of the undertaking, certainly deprived it, to a great extent, of the feeling of security with which it may in more peaceful times be accomplished. The United States and the Indians were

then at war; and the possibility of falling in with a hostile tribe of Sioux or Arapahoes was a prospect which even a strong and well-armed party of hunters could not contemplate without considerable uneasiness; a state of affairs, however, which it may be hoped will no longer exist, the vigorous measures taken by Generals Sherman and Sheridan rendering it probable that peace will be concluded before the next hunting season begins. Happily, owing to the kindness of Generals Sherman and Augur, in allowing us to accompany a party sent on the scout across the plains of Nebraska and Kansas, we were not only enabled to enjoy our novel sport with comparative security, but had an excellent opportunity of becoming acquainted with the life of the American soldier in the military outposts of the Far West. We were received at these distant stations, as everywhere in America, with the greatest kindness and hospitality by the officers, who invariably pressed us to spend some time with them, promising to show us the best sport to be obtained in their neighbourhood.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

PAGE

THE VOYAGE OUT—PLEASANT ANTIDOTE TO SEA-SICKNESS—ICEBERGS—ARRIVAL AT NEW YORK—A CUSTOM-HOUSE OFFICIAL—NEW YORK HOTELS—AN AMERICAN DINNER—WAITERS AND SERVANTS—IMPRESSIONS OF NEW YORK—CHURCHES—DESIRABLE REGULATIONS—PRICE OF GOLD—STATEN ISLAND 1

CHAPTER II.

START FOR RHODE ISLAND—SALOON STEAMERS—NEWPORT—OCEAN HOUSE HOTEL—SOCIETY AT AN AMERICAN WATERING PLACE—PATRIARCHAL HOURS—A PRIVATE "HELL"—NEW YORK YACHT SQUADRON—BOSTON—APPEARANCE OF THE TOWN—JOURNEY TO SARATOGA BY RAIL—THE VERANDAHS—AN AMERICAN HABIT—BALL IN CONGRESS HALL—AMERICAN LADIES—A PLANK ROAD—LAKE GEORGE 17

CHAPTER III.

START FOR THE ADIRONDACKS—TICONDEROGA—LAKE CHAMPLAIN—PORT KENT—KEESVILLE—PLANK AND CORDUROY ROADS—MARTIN'S HOTEL—TRAVELLING BY CANOE—ROUND POINT—SWEENY'S CARRY—RACQUETTE RIVER—THE SUGAR MAPLE TREE—BIG WOLF POND—DEER HUNTING—CAMP LIFE—WOOD PARTRIDGE—THE GUIDES—THE PRIMEVAL FOREST . . . 31

CHAPTER IV.

PAGE

CANADA—MONTREAL—THE RAPIDS OF LACHINE—QUEBEC—FALLS OF MONTMORENCI—THE CITADEL—SCENERY ON THE OTTAWA—THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT—LUMBER MILLS—LABYRINTH OF THE THOUSAND ISLANDS—KINGSTON—LAKE ONTARIO—TORONTO—FALLS OF NIAGARA—CAVE OF THE WINDS—ESCAPE OF A YANKEE BANKRUPT 47

CHAPTER V.

WASHINGTON—DISGUSTING HABIT—THE CAPITOL—THE WHITE HOUSE—MANUFACTURE AND CIRCULATION OF GREENBACKS—RICHMOND—BATTLE GROUNDS AROUND PETERSBURG—FORT HELL AND FORT DAMNATION—THE CRATER—TRACES OF THE LATE WAR—PORTSMOUTH—TREMENDOUS STORM—CAPTURED BLOCKADE RUNNERS—BALTIMORE—TOBACCO MANUFACTORY—TROTTING MATCH—JEROME PARK—WESTPOINT—PREPARATIONS FOR OUR HUNTING EXPEDITION 61

CHAPTER VI.

START FOR THE FAR WEST—PULLMAN'S PALACE SLEEPING CARS—THE ALLEGHANY MOUNTAINS—CHICAGO—RAISING AND MOVING HOUSES—INDIAN CONFERENCE—GENERALS SHERMAN AND AUGUR—POLITICAL PROCESSIONS—START FOR OMAHA—THE PRAIRIES—THE MISSOURI RIVER—WILD FOWL SHOOTING AT ST. JOHN'S, IOWA—TALES OF WESTERN LIFE—RETURN TO OMAHA—ARMS AND NECESSARIES FOR HUNTING . 78

CHAPTER VII.

START FOR THE PLAINS—THE PLATTE RIVER—MODE OF CAMPING—ACCOUTREMENTS OF THE SOLDIERS—THE GREAT INDIAN HUNTING GROUNDS—MY FIRST BUFFALO—ANTELOPE—THE REPUBLICAN RIVER—LARGE HERDS OF BUFFALO—BEAVER

PAGE

CREEK—DREARY COUNTRY—TRAIL OF HOSTILE INDIANS—TALES ROUND THE CAMP FIRE—MASSACRE OF UNITED STATES TROOPS—TORTURES INFLICTED BY THE INDIANS—FIGHT BETWEEN PAWNEES AND SIOUX—REMINISCENCES OF THE LATE WAR 94

CHAPTER VIII.

THE INDIAN TRAIL—DOG CREEK—GAMBLING—MEASUREMENT OF TIME—INDIAN PONIES—THE RED MAN'S ARMS—DESERTED WIGWAMS—PRAIRIE DOG VILLAGES—COYOTES, OR PRAIRIE WOLVES—FALSE ALARM—RATTLESNAKES—TURKEY CREEK—INDIAN SONGS AND DANCES—THE INDIAN PIPE—THE RED MAN'S HEAVEN—INVITATION TO VISIT A PAWNEE VILLAGE—INDIAN MORALITY—RESPECT FOR OLD AGE 112

CHAPTER IX.

ENCOUNTER WITH A BUFFALO—PAWNEE BOB—VINDICTIVE CRUELTY OF INDIAN SQUAWS—A MEDICINE ROBE—MEDICINE FORK—TAME MAGPIES—CAÑONS—BLACK-TAILED DEER—FORT MACPHERSON—CONSTRUCTION OF THE FORTS—LIFE OF SOLDIERS IN OUTPOSTS—THE CHEVINGTON MASSACRE—IRISH SOLDIERS—ANTI-BRITISH SONGS—FENIAN ANTHEM . . 127

CHAPTER X.

PASSING OVER THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS—FORT SAUNDERS—LARAMIE CITY—VIGILANCE COMMITTEE—PUNISHMENT OF A BULLY—START ON OUR HUNT THROUGH THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS—THE SAGE BUSH—INTENSE COLD—DIFFICULTIES OF OUR ROUTE THROUGH THE FOREST—THE NORTH PARK—ENCOUNTER WITH INDIANS—OUT IN SEARCH OF GAME . . 146

PAGE
CASTLE—MORANT BAY—ST. DOMINGO—GUANO ISLAND—ST. THOMAS—TRACES OF THE EARTHQUAKE—APPEARANCE OF THE TOWN AND INHABITANTS 255

CHAPTER XVIII.

START FOR ENGLAND—WRECK OF THE RHONE—TORTOLA—GLORIOUS SUNSET IN A CALM—A HEAVY GALE IN MID-ATLANTIC—SUNDAY BEFORE CHRISTMAS—DROWNED OUT—LOSE SAILS, BULWARKS AND LIFE-BOAT—CHRISTMAS EVENING—A VESSEL VAINLY ENDEAVOURS TO SIGNAL—REACH PLYMOUTH SOUND—FEARFUL WEATHER IN THE CHANNEL—REACH SOUTHAMPTON 266

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CHAPTER I.

THE VOYAGE OUT—PLEASANT ANTIDOTE TO SEA-SICKNESS—ICEBERGS—ARRIVAL AT NEW YORK—A CUSTOM-HOUSE OFFICIAL—NEW YORK HOTELS—AN AMERICAN DINNER—WAITERS AND SERVANTS—IMPRESSIONS OF NEW YORK—CHURCHES—DESIRABLE REGULATIONS—PRICE OF GOLD—STATEN ISLAND.

HAVING obtained leave of absence from the authorities at the Horse-Guards, to visit our American cousins, my brother officer, C. P. Kendall, and I left Liverpool in the Cunard screw steam-ship *Russia*, on Saturday afternoon, the 1st of August, 1868.

A fine sail of eighteen hours down the channel brought us to Queenstown, where we landed for a few hours while waiting for the mails. Leaving that port about 4 P.M. on Sunday afternoon, we

had no sooner got well out to sea than a cold drizzle, with a north-west wind came on, which continued to blow steadily against us during the whole voyage across the Atlantic. We unfortunately neglected to secure seats at table in the saloon, and had, therefore, to put up with seats right aft, where the motion of the ship and the shaking of the screw were very unpleasantly perceptible. However, for the first five days after leaving land, we managed to find room at the captain's table, owing to the fresh breeze somewhat interfering with the appetites of the rightful owners of the places.

A case of champagne, which we brought from London, we found of great assistance in preventing sea-sickness; and all those who prefer dry to very sweet champagne, will do well to bring their own wine with them.

We had about a hundred and thirty fellow-passengers, among whom we soon made acquaintance with some very nice people—English and Americans—in whose pleasant company we so well beguiled the tediousness of the voyage, that we looked forward to our arrival at New York, and

consequent separation, rather as a misfortune than a pleasure.

On the fifth day we sighted an iceberg, and soon got among a whole lot of them. Some of them had the appearance of huge floating islands of ice about four hundred feet high, while others only just showed above the water. The weather came on very foggy in the evening, and we passed rather an uncomfortable night, our rest being much disturbed by the dismal sound of the fog-whistle, which bellowed out incessantly above our heads, rendering it impossible to enjoy a moment's sleep. Next day we got clear of the ice, and although occasionally a dense fog would come on for a short time, we had calm and warm weather for the rest of the voyage.

On Tuesday morning, August 11th, we were roused out of our cabins at daylight by the news of our arrival off Sandy Hook, and on going on deck we found the pilot on board and our ship slowly steaming up the magnificent bay of New York. Ten A.M. saw us safely moored alongside the Cunard Company's wharf at Jersey City; where, after taking an affectionate leave of our friends on

board, we had to submit to the loss of time, besides the trouble and annoyance, inseparable from the examination of luggage in a Custom-house.

My rifle appeared especially to excite the suspicions of the "colonel" who was told off to examine my baggage. He made me put it together, and then having examined it carefully, he asked me how much I had given for it. On my replying "eighty pounds"—four hundred dollars gold—he coolly remarked, "Guess you'd get as good a one in N'York for eighty dollars," and then allowed me to put it up again in its case.

At the Custom-house we committed our luggage to the care of the express agent, and then proceeded to engage a hack carriage, which, as legal fares either don't exist, or are totally disregarded, is an affair of a good deal of trouble and argument. However, we at last agreed to pay the heavy sum of eight dollars—twenty-four shillings English—and then drove on board the steam ferry-boat, which conveyed our carriage and several others over to New York, where we put up at the Clarendon Hotel.

The Clarendon Hotel is conducted on the principle

generally adopted throughout America, and the charges are much the same as in other hotels of a similar character in the States. The payment of five dollars a day includes everything,—board, lodging, and attendance, but not wine. Breakfast hours are from seven to ten, and lunch, from two to three. Dinner is served at five, tea at seven, and supper at ten; so that a man gifted with a vigorous appetite can spend most of the day indulging in the pleasures of the table. The bills of fare, too, are long and varied, and no extra charge is made for ordering any number of different dishes.

An American dinner, however, to a Britisher, is anything but a comfortable meal, as, although soup and fish are handed round, all the rest of the dinner is put down at once on the table. In a surprisingly short time, everybody's plate is piled up with two or three sorts of meat, vegetables, and sweets all together, and by the time the unaccustomed stranger has made up his mind what he will eat, dinner is over, and the waiters are commencing to clear the table. Iced water is almost the only drink consumed at dinner, as the high duty imposed on wine

renders it beyond the means of the ordinary frequenters of hotels. The usual custom in America seems to be rather to drink spirits, in the shape of cocktails of various sorts, at the bar, both before and after dinner.

It was chiefly in the matter of waiters and servants that the great Republican principle of equality struck me as rather a questionable blessing. The white servants, almost invariably Irish, seem to consider that they are conferring a favour, rather than performing a duty, when they obey an order or answer a bell. The blacks are even worse than the whites, for they are sulky, lazy, and dirty. I think the Americans themselves are a good deal to blame for the inattention and bad attendance of the servants at the hotels; as I afterwards found it to be the custom to present the head waiter with a bribe of from eight to ten dollars, in order to secure attention and comfort while staying at one of these establishments. In fact, the system of "tipping," whether to servants, railway guards, or porters, is quite as universally carried out in America as it is in this country; and to secure

their attention much larger sums are frequently offered to them.

It was probably owing to having heard Americans talk so much of the marble palaces, the great wealth, and the immense trade of New York, that I was disappointed at first sight in the appearance of the city. The streets are narrow, and most of them execrably paved. In many the grass was springing up on the footway and the road. I observed little of the bustle or traffic that may be seen all the year round in London or Paris, although that may have been partially owing to the extreme heat of the weather, which had rather relaxed the Yankee ardour in business. It is said there have been more than a hundred deaths daily during the last few weeks from sunstroke.

Broadway with its huge marble stores, and Fifth Avenue with its cool shading trees, are undoubtedly very fine streets, while the Central Park can compare favourably with Hyde Park, or even with the Bois de Boulogne; yet still great alterations must be made, and many years must elapse before New York will bear comparison with the great cities of

Europe—such as London, Paris, St. Petersburg, or Vienna.

Among the numerous places of worship in Fifth Avenue, one of the handsomest is the new Jewish Synagogue at present in course of construction. It will hold an immense number of people, and the Yankees say it will be "the finest building the Jews have had since Solomon's Temple was destroyed." A little higher up an immense Roman Catholic Cathedral is being built of white marble, for the benefit of those who profess the "old faith." In fact churches of every imaginable creed are to be found in the Avenue,—so that Episcopalian, Quaker, Romanist, Shaker, Unitarian, Baptist, or the professor of any other of the multitudinous creeds of the New World, cannot find the smallest difficulty in suiting his taste as to where and how he will worship God.

The Episcopal or American form of the Church of England is the fashionable religion in New York; and it is customary for the young ladies in society to ask their male friends to meet them at some particular church, and, after service, to

walk up and down Fifth Avenue together, chaperons being looked on as quite superfluous. Church-going on Sundays did not appear to me to be regarded at all in the light of a sacred duty, as we are taught to think it in England; and, as far as I could judge, ladies did not make it a rule, and gentlemen certainly made it an exception, to attend any sort of religious service at all. The Yankee who excused himself from attending the Protestant church, by saying that he had lately conformed to the Roman Catholic religion, and found that confessing and obtaining absolution right away was a darned sight better than sitting for hours in church every Sunday, had apparently more religious scruples than most of those I met. Whatever the advantages of a separation of church and state may be, the effect in the States and in Canada is not such as to afford matter of congratulation to any man with a particle of religious feeling in his heart.

The first service according to the American form of the Church of England which we attended was during my visit to Staten Island, afterwards re-

ferred to, and in some respects the slight difference between the English and American prayer-books, is, I think, in favour of the latter. A more modern form of English is used, and the frequent repetition of the Lord's prayer avoided. Some words and sentences which sound indelicate to American ears are altered. The words "Give peace in our time," &c., are left out, though I don't know why, as they have certainly every reason to pray that they may be spared the horrors of war, after the example brought home to them in the late civil contest. After the ten commandments, are added the two "on which hang all the law and the prophets," as given in the 22nd chapter of St. Matthew.

The sermons I generally heard did not strike me as being more brilliant or attractive than the usual run of discourses one hears in England, while at one church I heard the parson, before telling his congregation of what sins they ought to repent, apologise to them in case he should say anything disagreeable, in a way that showed that the poor man knew he was dependent on the approval of his flock for his daily bread, and that he feared, if he

denounced their sins too strongly, he might be turned off and another parson engaged who would look more leniently on them.

The stranger from Europe cannot but remark how many changes are desirable in the municipal regulations of the Empire City. It would be a great advantage, for example, if cabs could be obtained at reasonable fares; and it would add much to the comfort and convenience of the public, if omnibuses were placed under the supervision of smart and intelligent conductors. Overcrowding in the street cars ought to be rigorously forbidden, and the footpaths should be cleared of the cartloads of merchandise of every description which continually block them up. Such alterations appear to be most urgently needed in New York.

One thing that struck me much in New York was the way in which the drivers of the various descriptions of vehicles refrained from using bad language or swearing at one another in the manner so common in London. In New York they drive very slowly and badly, and collisions are frequent, but instead of the English driver's usual growl,

"Where the h— are you coming to?" when run into, a Yankee will merely chaff the offender, or more likely take no notice of the matter. I saw a gentleman on horseback turning into Fourth Avenue, just by the Clarendon Hotel, at the moment that an omnibus was passing. The driver of the omnibus made no attempt to pull up, and the pole struck the gentleman's horse in the flank, knocking over both horse and rider. The omnibus driver merely laughed, and calling out "Bully for you," drove away. The gentleman got up, and though a good deal hurt, made no attempt to find out the driver's name, nor did he indulge in any abuse of the man for driving over him.

I have seen it stated that New York is the most immoral place in the world, but my own experience of that city by lamplight, and the accounts I received from the *habitués* of the town, make me think that it is neither much worse nor much better than London. The great social evil is not so glaringly prominent as it is in our metropolis, nor do the ladies of the *demi-monde* attain that magnificent position awarded to them in Paris, yet still

the evil exists to quite as great an extent, in proportion to the number of inhabitants.

New York has one advantage over London, and that is, that ladies may freely walk about the streets secure from insult or remark, and it is not contrary to the rules of society for a young lady to walk or drive about with a gentleman who may be nothing more than an acquaintance. I suppose that American young ladies are well able to take care of themselves, as I never heard of any evil consequences following on this unrestricted friendship. Being the custom, it has come to be looked on as a matter of course, and not as any peculiar mark of favour.

The great fluctuations in the price of gold, the day we landed in America, standing first at 50 premium, and then steadily declining to 35, caused an extraordinary amount of speculation in the precious metal. Everybody, old and young, rich and poor, each according to his means, was either buying, in hope of a rise, or selling, in anticipation of a fall. The very first question asked of the pilot who boarded us off Sandy Hook was,

"What is the price of gold?" and at the merchants' offices, the restaurants, the hotels, the ever-varying price of gold was posted up in a conspicuous position. The approaching elections were the great cause of the fluctuations in its value, it being generally understood that the Democratic platform was repudiation of the national debt, or at least payment of the interest in paper currency, while that of the Republican party was, on the contrary, honourable payment in gold of the interest on the debt. These great changes in the value of the precious metal are naturally an immense inconvenience to the bankers and merchants, and the conduct of the "bears" at the gold room, where the business of buying and selling gold was carried on, was denounced in the leading papers as a nuisance which would not for a day have been tolerated in England.

Having received a pressing invitation from our friend, Mr. R. W. Cameron, to visit him at his country place on Staten Island, we lost no time in exchanging the heat of the town for the cool air of the country, and the discomforts of an hotel for the

comfort and kindness we experienced under his hospitable roof.

Staten Island is situated south-west of New York, and is distant three quarters of an hour in the steam ferry which plies across the bay every hour. It is a favourite summer resort of the merchants, whose villas cover the island, while from every hill lovely views are obtained over the bay, either towards the open sea, or across to the towns of New York, Jersey City, and Brooklyn.

The island has, however, one serious drawback in the shape of mosquitoes, which literally swarm in millions, and cover the hands, face, and legs when walking about the fields. In fact, they have at times been regarded as such a plague that the inhabitants have been forced to seek refuge from them by abandoning the island while their numbers continued to be so prolific.

It is a matter of the greatest difficulty, in fact, I may say it is next to impossible, to obtain any trustworthy information at New York or in the Eastern States generally, as to the prospect of sport in the Far West, or as to the means by

which it may be procured. We were often told that we should enjoy ourselves much more, and see far more of American life and customs, by spending the winter season at New York; and as to buffalo hunting, we were generally assured that, if we went into a farmyard and shot so many bulls and cows, we might have about as much excitement and danger, with far less trouble, as if we were galloping after buffalo on the plains. On further inquiry, however, we always found that our informants had never themselves tried which was the best sport. In fact, a love of sport, with willingness to undergo the hardships which are inseparable from a wild life, is a feeling which they could not understand. Then the Indians, we were told, were certain to scalp us if we ventured into their country. We were given to understand by some that we should probably get no hunting at all, and if we did "the game would not be worth the candle." Finding, however, that we were bent on going, every possible kindness was shown us in the way of giving us letters of introduction to every town and post between New York and San Francisco.

CHAPTER II.

START FOR RHODE ISLAND—SALOON STEAMERS—NEWPORT—OCEAN HOUSE HOTEL—SOCIETY AT AN AMERICAN WATERING PLACE—PATRIARCHAL HOURS—A PRIVATE "HELL"—NEW YORK YACHT SQUADRON—BOSTON—APPEARANCE OF THE TOWN—JOURNEY TO SARATOGA BY RAIL—THE VERANDAHS—AN AMERICAN HABIT—BALL IN CONGRESS HALL—AMERICAN LADIES—A PLANK ROAD—LAKE GEORGE.

On Monday, 17th August, we left New York at 5 P.M. for Newport in the State of Rhode Island. On going to the office to take our tickets, we were surprised to find that the fare was only one dollar, while the distance is two hundred miles. The smallness of the charge was owing to competition, a rival line having recently commenced running steamers to Newport. These saloon steamers are magnificently fitted up, and are provided with every luxury in the way of splendid saloons, state rooms, and dining saloons. Luxurious baths are prepared for the accommodation of passengers; at a commo-

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dious bar they may procure any of the numerous spirituous mixtures in which Americans indulge; a barber's shop is always open for the reception of such as require the services of that functionary; and books and newspapers are liberally provided for the use of those who find pleasure in reading. In fact, the highest point of luxury attainable in travelling seems to have been reached by the American river steam-boats. They travel too at a pace very little surpassed by the railways, twenty miles an hour being the usual speed between New York and Newport.

After an excellent dinner, where we made our first acquaintance with that great delicacy, soft shell crabs, we proceeded to smoke our cigars on deck and enjoy the pretty scenery of the East River and Long Island Sound. On returning to the saloon, a curious scene presented itself to us. The floor was covered with sleeping men of every class, many of them drunk, and all of them—at least such as were awake—squirting their beastly tobacco juice over the rich carpet and decorations of the saloon. A great proportion of the state rooms

were occupied by gaily dressed ladies, who appeared to have no objection to admit to these sanctuaries any gentlemen of their acquaintance who might desire to enjoy a few minutes' conversation with them before retiring for the night.

At about 3 A.M. we were awoke by the tremendous noise made by blowing off steam, and presently cries of "All aboard the cars for Boston!" made us aware that we were arrived in Newport harbour. We were allowed, however, to remain in our berths until 8 A.M., when we went on shore and proceeded to the Ocean House Hotel, one of the gigantic wooden structures common in this country.

Newport, the most fashionable watering place in America, is one of the most charming places imaginable. The climate has fewer extremes of heat and cold than any other part of eastern America; the scenery is extremely pretty, and the society delightful.

Society at Newport lives in pretty wooden villas, built rather in the Swiss châlet style, standing in some few acres of well-timbered grounds, and

extending far along the terraces which overlook the sea.

The hours observed are decidedly patriarchal, dinner being usually between 3 and 5 P.M., so that, when asked out to dinner at 4 P.M., it is extremely hard to know what sort of dress to put on, evening clothes looking absurd at that time of day. The Americans make a compromise by wearing an evening dress coat and coloured "pants."

Having brought several letters of introduction from New York, our week at Newport was spent in a constant round of breakfasts, succeeded by croquet or musical parties, dinners followed by drives round the island, and suppers topped up with dances, or what is called a "German," that is, a continual cotillon, no other dance being danced during the evening.

The favourite manner of winding up the evening's amusement at Newport was to adjourn about midnight to a pretty little villa close to our hotel, where fashionable young Americans were wont to indulge in the expensive amusements of playing faro and roulette. The "gentleman" who keeps

this private hell was formerly a large and successful owner of race-horses in America; but, becoming disgusted with the turf, on account of having been black-balled by the Jockey Club, he now devotes himself entirely to the profitable business of a hell-keeper at Newport, Saratoga, and elsewhere. An excellent champagne supper was nightly provided "gratis" for all comers, and everything was conducted in the most quiet and orderly manner. Faro was the game at which most money changed hands, though the amount which was staked on the cards was almost nothing in comparison with the enormous sums won and lost at similar establishments in our own country during the race meetings at Newmarket, Windsor, and Brighton.

Though gambling is equally contrary to law in both countries, the hell-keepers appear as free from police interference in the one as in the other.

That the law of primogeniture does not prevail in America is perhaps a fortunate circumstance. I was assured by the Americans themselves that the very worst thing that can happen to a young

man is the inheritance of a large property, because he then almost invariably goes to the bad. Why such should be the case, I do not know, but I certainly came across several instances which proved the truth of the statement. One reason may, perhaps, be that there are no country pursuits to occupy the time of the fortunate heir,—no fox hunting, no cricket. Shooting is an occupation for which the eastern American appears to have little taste, and the position of a magistrate and country gentleman is unknown in the northern States. A wealthy young man, therefore, who is in no business, is obliged to idle away his time in the cities and watering places; and, according to the old proverb, Satan then finds occupation for idle hands, the favourite one being, as far as my experience taught me, the conveyance of cocktails of every sort to his lips much more frequently than is good for him. Gambling is resorted to, to beguile the tediousness of the evenings; and a third and surer means of wasting money and health is easily procured in all the large towns.

The New York yacht squadron arrived in the

harbour the latter end of the week, from their annual cruise round the coast. Having received an invitation to breakfast from Mr. Bennett, owner of the fine schooner yachts the *Henrietta* and the *Dauntless*, we proceeded on board the latter, where we had the pleasure of meeting a large and most agreeable party of ladies and yachtsmen.

The greater number of the yachts are built nearly flat-bottomed, much broader in the beam and lower in the bows than our English schooners. A most generous offer was made us by Mr. Bennett of the loan of his yacht the *Henrietta*, in which he made the voyage across the Atlantic to Cowes in thirteen days, to sail down to Chesapeake Bay, on our return from Canada, and there enjoy the sport of shooting canvas-back ducks. However, as this would interfere with our plans of buffalo hunting in the Far West, we would not avail ourselves of his kindness.

Time being valuable to us, we had to tear ourselves away from the gaieties of Newport. So, starting by rail on Saturday evening, we reached Boston late the same night. Here the great object

of interest appeared to be the Chinese embassy, Mr. Burlinghame, the ambassador, being a native of the town, while the fact of an American having been chosen to be head of the embassy was evidently regarded, by his fellow-countrymen, as a great feather in the national cap.

The general appearance of the town, and the manners of the inhabitants, are much more English than in any other place I visited in America; and although the Bostonians are laughed at by the New Yorkers as slow and formal, I believe that the best society, and that to which the *entrée* is most difficult, is met with in the American Athens.

The comfort of the Tremont House, where we staid, made us regret we could not spend more time there. However, the short period we had to spare we devoted to seeing the public buildings, squares, monuments, and park—called the common—and then drove through some of the suburbs, returning by Cambridge, whence the road along the narrow neck of land which joins the peninsula to the mainland offers as delightful a drive, on a fine summer's evening, as one could wish to enjoy.

On Monday, 24th August, we started by rail for Saratoga, a journey of about twelve hours, *viâ* Fitchburgh and Rutland. The road runs through the picturesque mountain and valley scenery of the green mountains. The forest trees that cover the surrounding country have suffered severely from the ravages of some insect which invests them with a sort of web, and after destroying all the leaves, eventually kills the tree.

On our arrival at Saratoga we put up at the Clarendon Hotel, in which, though the season was nearly over, some five hundred people were staying. The neighbourhood of Saratoga is extremely pretty; but the village itself is not the least remarkable for beauty of situation. The long street, gratefully shaded by fine trees, and bordered by huge hotels, reminded me strongly of a German watering-place without the attractions of a "Kursaal." The race week, generally the second week in August, is about the height of the season, though all through the summer the town is crowded with people from all parts of the Union, who come to drink the waters and dance, the latter amusement seeming to

be indispensable to Americans all the year round.

We were much amused when walking down the street to see the verandahs, which were the entire length of the different hotels, occupied by a closely-packed row of men reclining in their chairs, which were slightly tilted back, while the legs of the occupiers were, without exception, perched up on the balcony. Though the Americans do not, as I have heard laid to their charge, put their feet up on tables and mantel-pieces, they certainly have a universal habit of raising their legs off the ground as nearly as possible on a level with their seat. Go into a barber's shop, and you will find a stool of the same height as the chair, for the convenience of the customers. In the halls of the hotels, in the reading-rooms, on board ship, everywhere the legs are seen propped up on the nearest available support. The facilities for indulging in this posture are, no doubt, a great addition to one's comfort, and in a country where the fair sex are so scarce as they are in America, it is no breach of good manners towards them to avail one's self of them. In private

houses, of course, where ladies are present, gentlemen deny themselves this favourite luxury.

The evening of our arrival, there was a ball in the immense saloon—I should say one of the largest rooms in the world—of the hotel called Congress Hall. The room was well filled with dancers. Some of the gentlemen were in evening dress, though the larger proportion wore frock coats, and the ladies appeared in the most gorgeous toilettes of the latest Paris fashions.

How the American ladies managed to travel about with the enormous quantity of luggage necessary to carry the number of different dresses they appeared in every day, was always a matter of astonishment to me. Paris, of course, is the model of fashion adopted by them, though in some respects they appeared rather to overdo it. The ridiculous manner of walking, called the Grecian bend, for example, was a mere parody on the Parisian fashion. In choice of colour, the taste of the American ladies is unexceptionable, and their figures, though generally wanting in fulness of bust, are extremely pretty and graceful. In dancing,

we must certainly yield the palm to our Transatlantic cousins, both male and female. The ladies, it must also be acknowledged, are much more highly educated than those usually met with in English society. The young married ladies have, however, much the best of it in England; as, in America, when once married, they are, to a certain extent, shelved, and do not receive the same amount of attention as that bestowed on the unmarried girls.

The constant excitement in which they live, together with the want of open air occupations, and the extremes of heat and cold to which, from the nature of the climate, they are exposed, cause the American beauty to fade earlier than the English. There are, no doubt, many exceptions, but, as a rule, the English lady of thirty looks nearly ten years younger than an American lady of the same age.

On Tuesday, 25th, the railway conveyed us from Saratoga to Moreau Station, about twenty miles, where we took the stages for Cauldwell, on Lake George. Here we made our first acquaintance with

what is called a plank road. This consists of roughly-cut planks of wood laid on pine logs, forming a road which is anything but smooth, yet far preferable to the ordinary country roads, which consist merely of sand or mud, in which the wheels of the heavy coaches sink nearly up to the axle-trees. Half way to Lake George the road passes Glens Falls, where the river Hudson falls over a magnificent series of rapids, and where are laid many of the scenes in Cooper's novel of "The Last of the Mohicans."

Wednesday, the 26th, found us comfortably settled at the Fort William Henry Hotel, at the south end of Lake George. This lake is a beautiful sheet of water, thirty-six miles in length, by two or three in breadth. The surrounding hills are covered with forest, as well as the numerous islands, more than three hundred in number, which stud the lake. Trout, bass, and pickerell are freely caught in its waters, while in the neighbouring forests deer and wood partridge are still found.

Dancing in the evening, and lolling about the verandah of the hotel, called the piazza, are the

chief amusements followed here, as regularly as at the more frequented watering-places of Newport and Saratoga, and the ladies' dresses are nearly as gorgeous.

We made one charming excursion to a village at the head waters of the Hudson. The distance was about twelve miles, over a mountain road running most of the way through a dense forest, with occasional clearings where log-huts and small fields sown with buckwheat and Indian corn, occasionally appeared. The fields are surrounded by the wooden zig-zag or snake fences, or by huge roots of trees stuck up on end, which effectually keep off the inroads of any cattle whose tastes lead them to prefer the green shoots of the Indian corn to the scanty herbage found in the forest.

CHAPTER III.

START FOR THE ADIRONDACKS—TICONDEROGA—LAKE CHAMPLAIN—PORT KENT—KEESVILLE—PLANK AND CORDUROY ROADS—MARTIN'S HOTEL—TRAVELLING BY CANOE—ROUND POINT—SWEENY'S CARRY—RACQUETTE RIVER—THE SUGAR MAPLE TREE—BIG WOLF POND—DEER HUNTING—CAMP LIFE—WOOD PARTRIDGE—THE GUIDES—THE PRIMEVAL FOREST.

On Saturday morning, August 29th, accompanied by Cameron, who joined us at Lake George, we started on a shooting expedition to the Adirondack mountains in the Wilderness of New York.

The little steamer *Minnehaha* conveyed us to the head of the lake, whence stage coaches brought us over a plank road to Ticonderoga, four miles distant, on Lake Champlain. The country between the two lakes was the scene of several fights between the American colonists and the French and Indians, and later, in the War of Independence, between the American and English forces.

Embarking in the steamer *Canada*, four hours' sail from Fort Ticonderoga brought us to Port Kent, on the western shore of Lake Champlain. The lake being about ten miles broad, it is only occasionally, when passing near headlands on either side, that the scenery is at all striking. From Port Kent we drove on the stage by a plank road to Keesville, a village on the Ausable river, about five miles from the lake.

Passing the night at a tolerably comfortable inn, called the Ausable House, on the following morning we hired for the sum of eighteen dollars a waggon drawn by two horses to convey us to the Lower Saranac Lake, distant forty-six miles from Keesville. The first twenty-five miles is over a good plank road, which runs through a fine mountainous country, densely covered with forest. Some large iron mines are passed on the way, and we observed a number of log huts inhabited by charcoal burners, chiefly French Canadians, who fell and burn an enormous amount of timber to convert into charcoal for smelting the iron.

At Franklin's Falls, twenty-five miles, on the

Saranac river, an hour's halt is made to feed the horses and get dinner. The plank road ends here, the rest of the way being marked by a mere track with stumps of trees and rocks profusely scattered along it. The swampy places are crossed by what is called a "corduroy road;" that is, a road formed by a number of pine trees, cut down and laid close together across the swamp. As no earth is laid over the rough trunks of the trees, the jolting of the waggons when crossing them may easily be imagined.

As we proceeded on our journey the log huts become scarcer, and the clearings fewer, until at last the road ends at Martin's Hotel, on the Lower Saranac Lake, where we were glad enough to arrive after the horrible jolting occasioned by the roughness of the road from Franklin's Falls. At Martin's Hotel, a comfortable wooden house, built much in the style of a Swiss mountain inn, were several parties bound for different parts of the Adirondack region, among whom were some English ladies just about to start on a fishing excursion on the lakes and rivers, which abound in fine red-fleshed trout.

My fair countrywomen were extremely enthusiastic on the subject of tent life in the forest, which they were about to try for the first time. From our landlord, himself an experienced hunter, guide, and crack rifle shot, we procured the tents, provisions, guides, and canoes necessary to continue our journey through the forest; water being the only means of travel available through the wild country constituting what is called the Wilderness of New York.

At sunrise of August 31st, we each got into one of the light boats or canoes, built of white pine and weighing about eighty pounds. One of us sat in the stern of each canoe and paddled, while the guide, seated in the bows, sculled. The centre of the boat was occupied by such tents and provisions as each could carry. Passing among the numerous beautiful islands which are scattered about the lake, covered, as well as the shores, with a dense forest of cedar, maple, and pine, an hour's row brought us to the head of the lake, where we entered the Saranac river. After pulling our boats up some intervening rapids, we soon reached Round Pond,

at the head of which is situated Bartlett's Inn. Here we found a party of hunters just returned from Little Wolf Pond, who reported deer and trout plentiful. On the grass in front of the inn was an unfortunate land-turtle, endeavouring to make its escape from some boys who were torturing it by placing lighted sticks on its tail. We remonstrated with them on their cruelty, when they kicked it into the river, where it soon swam away.

From Round Pond we had our first "carry" of half a mile to the Upper Saranac Lake. These "carries" are frequent in the Adirondacks from one lake or river to another. Where no waggon can be procured, the guide carries the boat on his head, while the hunters shoulder as much baggage as they can carry, and, thus laden, make the best of their way through the forest to the nearest water, where the boat is again launched.

Paddling across the Upper Saranac Lake we next reached what is called "Sweeny's Carry." Sweeny is a backwoodsman who has lived here in a log cabin for many years, and earns money by pro-

viding waggons and horses, at a charge of a dollar each, to convey boats across from the lake to the Racquet River, three miles distant. He also makes sugar and syrup from the magnificent sugar maple trees which abound in the surrounding forest. The tree is tapped, and the sap thus collected is boiled down. The sugar is made up in large square bricks; while the syrup, which tastes much like treacle, is consumed largely all over the States. In the small clearing behind the hut, carefully fenced in, was the grave of one of Sweeny's sons. The graves seen close to the few log huts we met in the forest always appeared to me peculiarly to mark the wildness of life in the backwoods, where even Christian burial could not be obtained.

Our boats having been launched on the Racquet River, our course lay down its rapid stream. The vegetation is lovely along the bank of the river as it winds through the dark primeval forest. The silence is unbroken as we float swiftly down, save by the loud melancholy cry of the loon, or great northern diver; or by the harsh note of the blue jay and grey kingfisher disturbed by the

passing boat. Along the banks of the Racquet were innumerable tracks of deer, who come down at night to drink; and in two places we saw tracks of bear. These formidable animals, however, are very scarce now, being nearly exterminated, together with the Indians who once roamed these wilds.

Shooting some rapids just before dark, we proceeded a few miles farther down the river, and then, as a storm appeared to be coming on and we were near the shanty of a lumber-man named Moody, brother to one of our guides, we pulled up our boats on the bank and turned them over the baggage to keep off the rain, which now began to fall.

Having reached the shanty, which stood a few hundred yards back from the river, we were hospitably received and provided with an excellent supper, consisting of venison and wild duck, with hot rolls, eggs, milk, and butter. There being no sleeping-room in the hut, we had to adjourn to a barn near by, where we lay down in the hay, and got such sleep as the biting of midges

and mosquitoes, and the noise of the pouring rain, would allow.

Daylight on the morning of September the 1st, found us quite ready to leave our not too luxurious couches. To our disgust, we discovered that our keg of whisky, which we had left in Moody's hut, had been nearly emptied during the night. To add to our chagrin, our host became so surly under the effects of the liquor which he had so freely consumed, that he refused to allow us to hire his dogs to hunt for us, as he had agreed to do the previous evening. However, as the more we argued, the surlier he became, we had no alternative but the disagreeable one of going down to our boats, minus the whisky and the dogs.

Continuing our journey down the river, a couple of hours brought us to Tupper's Lake, the largest of this chain, being about seven miles long by three wide. Here we stopped at the hut of another of the Moody family, in hopes of procuring dogs. We were received by such a pretty fresh-coloured woman as did one good to see in this wild country. She told us her husband was out, but that we might take

two fine deer-hounds along with us, on condition of giving up the skins of any deer we should kill. We gladly agreed to this, and again re-embarked in our canoes.

Just out of Tupper's Lake the river was deeply fringed with water-lilies, on which rested the most extraordinary number of huge bull-frogs, who, with their bright black eyes, appeared to watch us intently, disappearing in the water with a croak as our paddles made play about their heads. Passing through Racquet Pond we killed several wild fowl, and a large snake which was crawling along the bank. From this point we had a carry of a couple of miles to Little Wolf Pond, which we crossed, and then had another carry of half a mile to Big Wolf Pond, where we had determined to take up our quarters, as the most likely place to find a good supply of game. Coasting round the lake we soon hit on a good site for a camping ground.

At the spot we chose, a small stream of ice-cold water poured out from a spring near by, while the land sloped gently back from the fine sandy beach which bordered the lake. An enormous dead cedar

tree, towering high above the surrounding forest, formed a fine landmark in case we should miss the camp; while back from the lake the forest stretched to the summits of the mountains which bordered the horizon all around.

The first thing to be done, after choosing the camping ground, was to find and cut down the trees best suited for making tent poles. Some young pine trees we found best adapted for our purpose, and on the poles with which these supplied us we fixed up our tents, one for ourselves and one for the guides. The branches which we cut off were laid down to form a flooring for our tent, and a waterproof rug laid over this served for our bed. It takes some time to get accustomed to the hardness of a bed on the ground; before we became quite used to it our bones had an uncomfortable habit of aching, not at all conducive to sleep. After the first night or two, however, being willing and even anxious to adapt ourselves to circumstances, we slept as sound as if in a soft bed at home.

The mode of hunting deer in these forests is to paddle across to various points round the lake.

when the canoe is hauled up, and the hunter walks to the nearest rising ground, where with the help of a good field-glass he intently watches the surrounding shores and the surface of the water. Meanwhile the guides, provided with a compass, go into the forest with the dogs in search of game. Presently the silence is broken by the deep voice of the hounds echoing through the woods, sometimes close at hand, then dying away in the distance, until at last the deer, crashing through the covert, plunges into the water and commences to swim across to another point of the shore. Though the hounds are thus thrown off the scent, the deer's fate is sealed, as, whichever one of us first observes him, immediately jumps into the boat and pulls away as fast as possible to cut him off on landing, when he invariably falls a victim to our deadly rifles.

Having thus killed two deer each day, we used to return to camp about four or five o'clock in the afternoon, when, having exchanged our rifles for shot guns, a stroll round the shores or through the forest would generally be rewarded by a bag of two

or three brace of wild duck, snipe, or partridge. These wood partridges seem to be particularly foolish birds, as when a covey of them is put up by the partridge dog—ours was a cocker spaniel—they fly into some tree near by, where the dog is trained to stand and bark until the gun comes up, when, by shooting the bird on the lowest branch first, the whole of the covey may be killed in succession. Though a good deal larger than our English bird I do not think they are as good eating, as the flesh is dry and rather wanting in flavour. Not having time to fish ourselves, we obtained a supply of red-fleshed trout, averaging three or four pounds in weight, by setting night-lines in the lake, on which we never failed to find a fine fish in the morning.

Not the least agreeable enjoyment of the day was the excellent dinner cooked by our guides, which consisted of preserved soup, fish, venison steaks, and partridge or wild duck, washed down by old Kentucky whisky. After dinner, as the evenings were chilly, we made up a roaring fire of dry trunks of trees, round which we reclined and smoked the

pipe of peace while listening to the tales told by our guides of wonderful hunting in the years gone by.

As a rule the guides are not at all communicative, but seem rather to have adopted the silent habits of the Indian, "Ya" and "Na," for yes and no, being the only answer one can generally extract from them. They are, however, good rifle shots, and can find their way through the forest nearly as well as the red man. Like men accustomed to depend on themselves, they can cook well, and manage the crank boats admirably. If civilly spoken to they are tolerably obliging, but they resent anything offensive in the manner or bearing of the traveller who is compelled to avail himself of their services. I heard of a traveller who abused his guide in rather strong language while out on one of the lakes, whereupon the man in revenge upset the boat and nearly drowned the gentleman. Having been told the story before starting, we were particularly careful not to use any irritating language to men who are not accustomed generally to put any restraint on their feelings.

On Saturday, September 5th, we struck our tents, and encamping that night on the Racquet River in a pour of rain reached Martin's Hotel on Sunday; and Monday night saw us back again at Port Kent on Lake Champlain. A good way to vary the road in returning from the Saranac lakes, is to drive from Martin's to Elizabeth's town, the road passing through some of the finest scenery in the Adirondacks. From Elizabeth's town there is a stage to West Port on Lake Champlain, whence the traveller can proceed by steamer either north or south. The trip to the Adirondacks and Saranac region is altogether very enjoyable; the experience there obtained of wild life in the backwoods of America amply compensating for the unavoidable discomforts of tent life.

These great primeval forests are utterly different from the well cared-for woods seen in England. In the former, when a tree dies of old age it stands up bare and gaunt until the roots decay or the storm overthrows it, when it falls to the ground. The crash of these dead giants of the forest is one of the sounds one soon becomes familiar with in the back-

woods. When a tree falls, there it lies until it rots, and the accumulation of fallen timber is so great that the forest is rendered almost impenetrable to man. It is rather the exception to see very large trees, as from their growing so close together there is not room for them to spread.

In many places large tracts of forest have been burnt down from the carelessness or mischief of hunters, who take no trouble to prevent the destruction of the forest by their camp fires. They even wilfully set fire to a tree when entering the forest, in order that the smoke may guide them out again. Few sights are more dreary than that of a burnt forest, with the charred and blackened trunks of trees, some still standing, and others tumbled about in the most fantastic confusion.

The mosquitoes and midges are very troublesome in the forest, and we had always to sleep with our heads wrapped up in veils. There is also a peculiar black fly, with a venomous bite, said to abound in summer, but we only came across one or two of them, and then did not find the bite much more

venomous than that of a mosquito. The cost of living on these expeditions is small, the usual charge for a guide and boat being two and a half dollars a day.

CHAPTER IV.

CANADA—MONTREAL—THE RAPIDS OF LACHINE—QUEBEC—FALLS OF MONTMORENCI—THE CITADEL—SCENERY ON THE OTTAWA—THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT—LUMBER MILLS—LABYRINTH OF THE THOUSAND ISLANDS—KINGSTON—LAKE ONTARIO—TORONTO—FALLS OF NIAGARA—CAVE OF THE WINDS—ESCAPE OF A YANKEE BANKRUPT.

At Port Kent we separated from Cameron, who returned thence to New York. As our destination was Canada, we got on board the northern-bound steamer, and in a few hours reached Plattsburg, on the north-western shore of the lake. There we found a train waiting for the boat, and, continuing our journey by it, reached the Saint Lawrence Hall Hotel at Montreal, Canada, by 1 A.M. on Tuesday morning. The general air of prosperity, and the traffic and bustle of the streets, formed an agreeable contrast to the gloom and seclusion of the forest in which we had been spending the last fortnight. The shop windows even looked gayer and

more attractive than they had ever before appeared to us.

After breakfast we strolled up to the quarters of the 13th Hussars, who have a squadron stationed here. They kindly invited us to dinner, and put down our names for the Saint James's Club, where we had the treat of seeing the "Times," and other English papers, and hearing all the latest news from the old country. Wednesday we devoted to seeing the town, where I was surprised to hear so little English spoken in the streets. This is the case not only here, but also in Canada East generally, as most of the lower classes are of French descent, and talk a villanous *patois* of their own. Neither pure French nor good English seems to be understood generally by them. The genuine Irish brogue is, however, pretty constantly heard; most of the cab drivers here, as well as in the States, being Irish immigrants.

On Thursday, 10th, we made an early excursion to Lachine, three-quarters of an hour by rail from Montreal. Here we got on board a small steamer, in order to shoot the rapids, the most celebrated

on the River St. Lawrence. Formerly the steamboats were all steered through the rapids by Indian pilots from the Iroquois settlement of Caughnawaga, opposite Lachine; but now the white men have learnt to steer with equal dexterity. The rapids, seen in the distance, appear like the waves of the sea breaking over a reef of rocks; and it is a grand and exciting scene when one stands on the high deck of the steamer and watches the water rushing, foaming, and roaring round. The boat, as she darts down like an arrow, the water flying over her bows, appears as though hurrying to certain destruction; while one yard's error in steering to the right or left would certainly dash her to atoms. I believe no bad accident has ever happened or life been lost in these rapids, which says a great deal for the courage and skill of the pilots.

We were back at our hotel by breakfast time, and in the afternoon we walked up the hill behind the town, whence is obtained a magnificent view of Montreal, with its extraordinary number of churches, and of the Saint Lawrence and Ottawa rivers. Near the summit of the hill is the Church of England

burial ground, about the prettiest situated cemetery I ever saw, excepting, perhaps, the one at Scutari, overlooking the Bosphorus.

Leaving Montreal by the night steam-boat, and proceeding down the Saint Lawrence, we reached Quebec, two hundred miles distant, early on Friday the 11th, and put up at the Saint Louis Hotel. After breakfast, a decidedly unsatisfactory repast, we drove out to the Falls of Montmorenci, nine miles below Quebec. Here the river falls down some two hundred and fifty feet into the Saint Lawrence. In order to see the falls, the visitor has to pay a dollar to the owner of the farm through which he passes, and besides is pestered by the crowd of children who offer flowers or other articles, as a pretence for begging. One's comfort, when looking at this magnificent waterfall, is thus considerably interfered with.

Returning to Quebec, we crossed over to Point Levi on the opposite bank of the river, whence we drove up to the charmingly situated camp of the 60th Rifles and 78th Highlanders, dining with the former that evening. Next day we walked up

to the citadel and the Plains of Abraham, where Wolf and Montcalm fought in 1759. Looking over the parapets of the citadel, we saw an iron-clad ship, bearing the flag of the admiral commanding the British North American fleet, steam slowly up and cast anchor opposite the town,—the first ironclad ever seen by the good citizens of Quebec.

As we did not find much to attract us in the town, which had a general air of stagnation and depression about it, while the hotel was execrable, we determined to return to Montreal. So, having spent a pleasant afternoon at the camp at Point Levi, where the 78th held some Highland sports, we returned up the Saint Lawrence to Montreal, which we reached again on Sunday, 13th. On that day the morning papers appeared with a deep edge of black, on account of the death of the Bishop, who seems to have been much liked by all classes; and at the cathedral, which was hung with black cloth, a funeral sermon was preached by the archdeacon.

On Monday, 14th, we made an early start for

Ottawa, proceeding by the Grand Trunk Railway as far as Lachine. There we took the steamer *Prince of Wales*, and steamed up the Saint Lawrence and Ottawa rivers about thirty miles, to where the navigation is interrupted by rapids. Thence the railway took us about ten miles to Grenville, above the rapids, where another steamer was in waiting for us. This conveyed us up to Ottawa, which we reached about 9 P.M., having been delayed a couple of hours on the railway by the engine running off the track.

The scenery is lovely coming up the Ottawa river, especially at this time of year, when the trees are decked out in the gorgeous colouring of autumn. The crimson hues of the maple, mingling with the yellow and green shades of the other trees which clothe the banks and innumerable islands in the river, added much to the natural beauty of the scene.

Tuesday, 15th.—A short and true description of Ottawa was given by the Yankee who, when asked what sort of place it was, replied, "Guess if you start from the North Pole, and face

southward, the first clearing you come to is Ottawa."

It seems a great mistake to have made this "clearing" the seat of government, and to have spent such large sums of money as were required to erect the very handsome buildings which serve for houses of parliament and ministerial offices. All the Canadians seem anxious that some one of the large towns should be made the capital of their country as soon as possible; Montreal, which is the commercial capital, being generally looked on as the most suitable spot.

Great excitement was apparent in the town about the trial of Wheelan for the murder of Mr. Darcy M'Gee, the minister. All the morning groups of men might be seen in the streets, and in the hall of the Russell House, where we stayed, eagerly discussing the chances of his conviction or acquittal; and about eleven o'clock, when it became known that the verdict was "Guilty," general satisfaction seemed to be felt at the result of the trial.

After going over the parliament buildings, we drove out to some lumber mills, about eight miles

off, on the Gatineau river. The road which leads to the mills runs through the dense pine forest which covers the whole of the surrounding country. On reaching the mills, we were civilly shown over them by the manager, a very well-informed Scotchman. The Gatineau, a fine river which rises many hundred miles off in the unknown North, floats down enormous quantities of white pine timber to within a short distance of the lumber mill, where a reservoir has been made, in which are stored many thousand huge pine trunks. From there they are floated down to the mill as fast as the enormous saws driven by water power can cut them up. Thence they are sent off to the various markets, the United States taking the largest supply. Such large quantities of white pine have been cut in the forests bordering the river, that the supply is beginning to run short, and the lumber men have to go deeper into the forest and further up the river every season in search of the timber they require.

Returning thence to Ottawa, which can boast of two lovely waterfalls, the Rideau just below the town, and those of the Chaudière just above it, we

received an invitation to dinner from Mr. Rose, the Canadian finance minister. At dinner we met Mr. Cameron, the counsel employed in the defence of Wheelan. He expressed his intention of applying for a new trial, which he seemed to think would be granted. Being Grand-master of the Orangemen in Canada, he has been much abused by some of his party for undertaking the defence of a Roman Catholic Fenian.

On Wednesday, 16th, we started early by rail for Prescott, on the St. Lawrence, a journey of a couple of hours, through a flat and uninteresting country, nearly all forest. At Prescott we exchanged the cars for the river steamer, and soon found ourselves in the beautiful labyrinth of the Thousand Islands. Winding about for several hours among these lovely isles, we reached Kingston about 4 P.M., where we stopped for a couple of hours.

Having thus made a short, but to my taste quite sufficient, acquaintance with Kingston, we continued our voyage, and reached the open waters of Lake Ontario just before sunset. It had blown

very hard all day, but while steaming on the land-sheltered waters of the St. Lawrence, we were protected from the full force of the wind. Once out, however, on the broad waters of this great inland sea, we had a very fair specimen of the tempestuous weather often met with on these lakes. A fresh gale was blowing, accompanied by a heavy head sea, which struck the steamer with such violence as to make her appear to stand still for a moment, and caused her to tremble through every timber. Many of the passengers, especially the female portion, suffered much from sickness, and Kendall and I, who were quietly enjoying our cigars in a sheltered corner, were soon driven away by a rush of less fortunate passengers to the side, and obliged to seek shelter in our cabins from the various sights and sounds of woe.

Next morning, Thursday, 17th, we reached Toronto about 7 A.M., and went to the Queen's Hotel to breakfast, intending to continue our journey to Hamilton, at the head of the lake, by the same steamer, three hours having been promised us, as the time before the departure of the

boat, which we might spend in the town. Returning to the steam-packet wharf rather before the three hours were out, we had the pleasure of seeing our boat steaming away up the lake, and had to wait for the afternoon train on the Great Western Railway, which in due time brought us to Hamilton, where we picked up our luggage, left there some hours previously by the steamboat. Thence we continued our journey by rail, and reached Niagara Falls the same evening, where we put up at the Cataract House, on the American side of the river. The very short time we spent at Toronto and Hamilton did not impress us favourably as regards their general attractions for strangers, and of the officers quartered in Canada West, whom we had the pleasure of meeting, few seemed much in love with its social attractions.

Friday, September 18th.—I had always heard that I should be disappointed with my first view of Niagara. Such, however, was not at all the case, as it fully realised my expectations of it as one of the most magnificent and sublime spectacles in the world; the thunder of the water and the clouds of

spray which rise up to an immense height from the falls being grand beyond description.

Being on the American side, we first crossed over the bridge to Goat Island, and saw all the wonders of that beautiful spot. The Cave of the Winds, under the American fall, is, I think, well worth a visit. Having paid the sum of two dollars, we were provided with a complete suit of waterproof clothing, in which we dressed ourselves, having on an under-suit of flannel. In this kit we followed our guide down the winding staircase which leads to the foot of the fall, thence proceeding by a narrow path to the slippery planks which stretch across from one rock to another, and lead one underneath the falls. There the visitor is nearly drowned by the spray, and wholly deafened by the noise, while the blasts of wind which blow from every quarter threaten to sweep him off the slippery rocks into the boiling gulf below. With a tolerably steady head, however, there is not the least danger, while the idea obtained of the vast force and power of the cataract is such as one can never forget.

From the American side we crossed over by a

ferry-boat to the Canadian side of the river. While crossing a magnificent view of both the American and English Falls is obtained, and though in the centre of the stream the current sweeps the boat rapidly down, at either side there is a strong back current, which renders it a tolerably easy task for a man to row across. The steamer which formerly made the passage across and up to the cataract has been removed, her owner having become a bankrupt. The removal of the steamer took place in a very Yankee fashion. As the only means of getting himself and boat out of the hands of his creditors, her owner, accompanied by an engineer, got up steam, and starting down stream, sailed safely past the rapids and whirlpool, and reached the open waters of Lake Ontario.

Having duly visited the Horseshoe Fall, the rapids, and other wonders on the Canadian side, we returned to our hotel, where every pane of glass in the windows vibrated with the roar of the cataract.

On Saturday, 19th, we started at 6 A.M. for Washington, *viâ* Rochester, Canandagua, Elmira,

and Baltimore. Shortly after leaving Rochester, one of the passengers, who had for some time been sucking away at a whisky bottle, became very uproarious. The check-string which communicates with the engine-driver was immediately pulled by the conductor, and on the train coming to a standstill, the drunken man was turned out of the cars on to the track, where he was left, the train again proceeding on its way. At Williamsport, which we reached about 10 P.M., a sleeping car was attached to the train, in which, by the additional payment of four dollars, we secured a compartment containing two berths, where we got as much sleep as the jolting of the train over the horribly laid track would allow.

CHAPTER V.

WASHINGTON—DISGUSTING HABIT—THE CAPITOL—THE WHITE HOUSE —MANUFACTURE AND CIRCULATION OF GREENBACKS—RICHMOND —BATTLE GROUNDS AROUND PETERSBURG—FORT HELL AND FORT DAMNATION—THE CRATER—TRACES OF THE LATE WAR—PORTSMOUTH—TREMENDOUS STORM—CAPTURED BLOCKADE RUNNERS—BALTIMORE — TOBACCO MANUFACTORY — TROTTING MATCH — JEROME PARK—WESTPOINT—PREPARATIONS FOR OUR HUNTING EXPEDITION.

NEXT morning about seven, we reached Baltimore, whence we continued our journey on the Ohio railway, and in a couple of hours reached Washington, where I was soon disporting myself in a large bath at the Metropolitan Hotel. I think it was at this establishment that the disgusting habit of chewing tobacco was more prominently brought under one's notice than at any other place I visited in America. In the entrance hall, the benches placed along the sides were occupied by gentlemen, all chewing, and consequently expectorating, while the numerous men who walked up and down the hall, or idled

about the door, had all of them the accustomed quid in their mouths. The marble flooring was literally covered with the dark stains of the tobacco juice. I never spoke to an American gentleman on the subject, who did not confess it was a filthy habit; yet it is common in the eastern States, and almost universal in the southern and western. Expectorating does not seem to be looked on in the States as a habit unbecoming a gentleman.

The day after our arrival, Monday, 21st, we devoted to seeing the Capitol and other public buildings. At the Capitol, both the Upper and Lower House were just being adjourned, which ceremony we witnessed from the large and comfortable strangers' gallery. Beside each of the honourable gentlemen's chairs, I observed the inevitable spittoon. From the top of the handsome iron dome of the Capitol, we obtained a fine bird's-eye view over the country, and over what would be the noble city of Washington, with fine streets radiating from the Capitol as the centre, if the houses were only built, which they are not; two or three streets only being finished according to the original design.

From the Capitol, the street cars took us up to the plain villa-like house where the President lives, called the White House; thence, to the Mint, where we obtained an order from the Under-Secretary of the Treasury to go over the building and see the process of manufacturing the new and destroying the old greenbacks. The old notes, when once paid into the Treasury, are not always destroyed, as in England, but re-issued, unless they are too much torn or defaced. The mutilated and horribly dirty condition of the notes in circulation in many parts of the country is disgraceful, though no doubt it must be a considerable profit to the Treasury from the number which are accidentally destroyed.

More than half the clerks employed in the building were women. Some of them we saw occupied in the tiresome employment of putting together pieces of greenbacks which had been bitten into little bits by mice to make their nests of. Others were carefully examining an iron safe, containing something which looked like a mass of burnt paper. We were told it was the treasure which had just been recovered from a two years' residence at the bottom

of the Mississippi, where it had sunk, together with a steamer and two hundred passengers, who were all blown up on that river. The securities lodged by each of the provincial banks before they are authorised to issue notes; the treasure taken from Jefferson Davis when captured, some of the notes of very great value; and some yellow notes, bearing an equal value with gold, but not in general circulation; together with a good stock of bar gold and silver, were among the curiosities shown us. The heads of the various departments received us with the greatest civility; each of them sending a clerk round with us, to point out whatever was best worth seeing in his particular department.

In the evening we started by steamer down the Potomac river to Acquia Creek, where we took the cars for Richmond, and reached the Ballard Hotel in that town about 4 A.M.

Tuesday, 22nd.—Richmond, Virginia, the capital of the Southern confederacy during the war, is not at present a cheerful place to stop in, whatever it may have been before the war. Half the town is still in ruins, and the people seem to have neither heart

nor capital sufficient to rebuild it. They do not seem to accept the fortune of war, and try to make the best of it, but rather brood over their defeat and supposed wrongs, with a hope that at some future day they may be able to renew the struggle with a better chance of success. The ladies of the South are much more bitter than the men, and will not speak to any Northerner; nor, if they can avoid it, will they eat at the same table with those whom they regard as the cause of so much suffering to their country, and of the present impoverished state of their once wealthy families.

The fact that Virginia is excluded from voting in the approaching Presidential election is, of course, a source of great soreness at Richmond. The attentions bestowed on the negroes by the Northern Republicans in order to secure their vote, formerly held by their white masters, together with the many negro outrages committed in various parts of the country, have added the most intense hatred to the former contempt felt for the negro. I heard a Southerner swear, with a tremendous oath, that

they would make the niggers smart if they ever got the upper hand again.

From Richmond we went by railway to Petersburg, twenty-one miles distant, in order to visit the surrounding battle-grounds, the scene of so many years' struggle between the Federal and Confederate armies. Holes in the walls and roofless houses mark the destruction caused by the cannon balls in the town. The surrounding country is like a vast deserted camp, being covered with long lines of earthworks and crumbling forts.

Leaving the train, we followed the Jerusalem plank road to the forts known as Fort Hell and Fort Damnation—names which these strongholds acquired from the hot firing of which they were sometimes the centre. The former fort, properly named Fort Sedgwick, was one of the most advanced points of the United States lines. The works are still in a very perfect condition, and from their strength we may imagine how difficult the capture of such a place must have been. First, there is the ditch, then an abatis, then a palisade, and finally two rows of wire entanglements. Fort Sedgwick

was assaulted and captured by the Northern army in April, 1865, and the following night Fort Mahone (Fort Damnation) was evacuated, and taken possession of. But the Northern army could make no further progress, as the Confederates fell back to a still stronger line of defence. The two armies were so near one another that the men could talk together from behind their covers, and, a mutual agreement not to fire having occasionally been made, tobacco, sugar, and coffee would be exchanged—after which the men would retire to their picket lines, and active hostilities would be resumed.

The crater, which we next visited, was during the war a Confederate battery, which a Federal regiment, the 48th, undertook to blow up. The task was accomplished, though not without difficulty, as we may see by the following extract from the report of the commanding officer:—

"The gallery was commenced at 12 M. the 25th of June, 1864, without tools, lumber, or any of the materials requisite for such work. The mining picks were made out of those used by our pioneers; plank was obtained by tearing down a rebel bridge,

and afterwards by sending to a saw mill five or six miles distant, and the material excavated carried out in hand-barrows constructed out of wicker boxes. The work progressed rapidly until the 2nd of July, when it reached extremely wet ground; the timbers gave way, and the roof and floor of the gallery nearly met. Retimbered it, and started again. From this point had to excavate a stratum of marl, whose consistency was like putty, and which caused our progress to be necessarily slow. To avoid this, an inclined plane was started, and in one hundred feet rose about thirteen feet and a half perpendicular. On the 17th of July the main gallery was completed, being 510·8 feet in length The enemy, having obtained information of the mine, commenced searching for it. Orders were received to stop operations, which were, however, recommenced on the following day by starting the left lateral gallery. At 6 P.M. of the same day commenced the right lateral gallery. As the enemy could plainly be heard working over us in the fort, the gallery was excavated a little beyond and in rear of their works, and gave to it a curved line of

direction. The left lateral gallery was stopped at midnight July 22nd. The right lateral gallery, being two hundred and thirty-eight feet long, was stopped at 6 P.M. July 23rd. The mine could have been charged and exploded at this time. The men were employed from that time in draining, timbering, and placing eight magazines in position, and having received the order to charge the mine on the 27th of July, the powder was commenced to be placed in at 4 P.M., and finished at 10 P.M. The tamping was then begun, and completed by 6 P.M. the 28th. The charge consisted of three hundred and twenty kegs of powder, each containing twenty-five pounds —eight thousand pounds in all. The size of the crater formed by the explosion was at least two hundred feet long, fifty feet wide, and twenty-five feet deep."

Of the terrible loss of life caused by the explosion one may yet judge to a certain extent by the numerous human remains still visible, notwithstanding the immense number of bodies which have been removed and buried.

On Wednesday 23rd, we started at 6 A.M. for

Norfolk, a hundred and sixty miles distant down the James River, and taking about twelve hours in the river steamer. The scenery is very pretty and full of interest, as most of the places we passed were famous in the late war,—Bermuda Hundred, Dutch Gap Canal, City Point, and Fortress Munroe, were all familiar by name and celebrated by events which added much to the interest with which we regarded them. As we steamed down the winding river we perceived terrible traces of the war in the iron paddle-boxes and funnels of sunken steamers, the masts of ships appearing above the water, the burnt landing stages and ruined houses along the banks.

About sunset we reached Portsmouth, a naval depôt of the United States, opposite Norfolk, and there changed our river steamer for a larger one, bound for Baltimore, up Chesapeake Bay. All the afternoon the air had been oppressively hot and still, and we had hardly got on board the steamer when a most terrific storm of thunder and lightning burst over our heads. The rain came down in torrents, while the brilliant flashes of

lightning, instantly accompanied by deafening crashes of thunder, for a moment lighted up the river, the ships, and the town, as distinctly as the day, making the succeeding darkness appear yet more dark. A grander or more terrible scene it was impossible to imagine.

On coming on deck next morning, Thursday 24th, we found that the storm of the previous night had completely cooled the air, and a strong gale was blowing against us as we steamed up the broad waters of Chesapeake Bay. Approaching Baltimore, we saw numbers of the long, low, and narrow steamers employed during the war as blockade runners, which were captured by the Northern ships. No use appears to be made of them, and they are rapidly decaying. About 11 A.M. we reached the town, and put up at Barnum's Hotel.

Baltimore, fortunately for it, having been held all through the war by the Northern army, shows none of the signs of ruin seen at Richmond, but seems gay and prosperous, and appears to be pushing a fine trade. As the capital of Maryland, a slave state, the sympathies of the people are, and were

during the war, chiefly with the South. A large party of gentlemen, whom we met that night at dinner at the house of a leading Baltimorian, were all very strong Southerners, and expressed it as their opinion, that the only chance of saving the South from ruin would be Mr. Seymour's election to the Presidency.

Among the sights we went to see was the tobacco manufactory of Messrs. Gall and Axe, where we heard the curious fact that much of the snuff which is made there is used for chewing, both by men and women. We were also informed that the quantity of tobacco made up for chewing far exceeded that sold for smoking.

Very good cigars are manufactured from the Virginia tobacco, though they are much inferior in flavour to the genuine Havanna. It is very difficult to procure a good Havanna cigar in America, and the price one has to pay for it is fully double that paid for the same quality in London. The tobacco grown in the Southern States is, of course, excellent and cheap.

On Saturday, 26th, we returned to New York, *viâ* the Delaware River and Philadelphia, and

taking the ferry out to Staten Island, once more reached the hospitable house of our friend, Mr. R. W. Cameron, whom we have persuaded to accompany us on our hunting expedition to the plains of the Far West.

Monday, 28th, Cameron and I drove over in a buggy to a small race-meeting held on the island. The day was unfortunately wet, and the attendance and racing bad; but here I saw the first trotting-match I had ever witnessed, an amusement which seems much more popular in America than horse-racing, though looked on by society as an American vulgarism. The pace and stride of these trotting-horses is wonderful; Dexter, the champion trotter of America, having trotted a mile in two minutes and fourteen seconds. The sight of a man, however, sitting on a tiny seat, between two or four, as the case may be, big, light-built wheels, with his legs on either side of the horse's tail, and his feet resting on the shafts, hanging on to the reins for dear life, and shouting at his horse at the top of his voice, appeared to me much more ridiculous than exciting.

Next day we drove out to Jerome Park, about twelve miles from New York, where the great American spring and autumn race-meetings are held. The place is prettily situated, and from the grand stand the whole of the course is easily seen. It is in shape like a pair of spectacles; the stand being on one side of the bridge, the Jockey Club on the other. Close to the course are large stables, where any owner or trainer can put up his horses and train them over the race-course. I was surprised that American owners could permit their horses to run over the horrible clay courses, or tracks, as they are called, universally seen in the United States. In dry weather, notwithstanding every care, such as raking, watering, &c., they become nearly as hard as a high road, while in wet weather they are deep in mud. I heard various owners complaining of the number of lame horses they had, and many were said to have broken down in training. To me the only wonder was that any horse could be trained over such a course, or if trained elsewhere escape breaking down in the race.

The races at Jerome Park, though patronised by the swells of New York, are not, like our Epsom races, a great national gathering. The fee of one dollar, which is charged for admission to the park, must keep away that great portion of the people who cannot afford to pay such a heavy tax for entrance. We dined and slept at the Jockey Club, meeting at dinner Messrs. Lawrence and Leonard Jerome, the original owners of the race-course, and other leading representatives of the turf in America. Numerous bumpers were emptied, and several speeches made, in favour of the eternal friendship of the great Anglo-Saxon races on either side of the Atlantic.

The following morning, October 1st, we were driven out by General Davies (who, for his services during the Civil War, was created a general when only twenty-eight years of age), to his charming villa at Fort Washington, on the banks of the Hudson River; whence, next day, we went by rail to West Point, the great American Military Academy. It is situated on the right bank of the Hudson, in one of the prettiest spots on that beau-

tiful river, about fifty miles above New York. Among the American officers, those educated at West Point can generally be distinguished by their superior social as well as military qualities. The number of cadets is usually about two hundred and fifty. Returning thence by river to New York, we had a delightful run down stream of two hours and a half, in which short time the splendid North River steamers perform the distance of fifty-one miles.

The next few days were chiefly occupied in getting the stores, ammunition, letters of introduction, and other necessaries for our hunting in the Far West. Mr. Thornton, the British Minister at Washington, kindly sent us letters to General Sherman, commanding the department of the Missouri, and at his (Mr. Thornton's) request, the War Department at Washington sent in our behalf introductory letters, commending us to the commanders of the several military posts in the Western and Pacific States and territories—an attention, on the part of the Secretary at War, particularly useful at that time, as, on account of the late Indian out-

break, and the atrocities committed by the savages, it was impossible to visit the hunting-grounds of Kansas, Colorado, and Dacotah without the protection of an escort sufficiently strong to overawe the numerous bands of hostile Indians who roam about those great plains and mountains and are always found wherever the game is most plentiful.

CHAPTER VI.

START FOR THE FAR WEST—PULLMAN'S PALACE SLEEPING CARS—THE ALLEGHANY MOUNTAINS—CHICAGO—RAISING AND MOVING HOUSES—INDIAN CONFERENCE—GENERALS SHERMAN AND AUGUR—POLITICAL PROCESSIONS—START FOR OMAHA—THE PRAIRIES—THE MISSOURI RIVER—WILD FOWL SHOOTING AT ST. JOHN'S, IOWA—TALES OF WESTERN LIFE—RETURN TO OMAHA—ARMS AND NECESSARIES FOR HUNTING.

On Monday, October 5th, we started by the night express for Chicago, *viâ* Philadelphia, Pittsburg, and Fort Wayne, a journey of a thousand miles, performed in thirty-six hours. In Pullman's Palace Sleeping-cars, which are attached to the train, this long journey is easily accomplished without the slightest fatigue. These convenient cars, which are now run on most of the American lines of railway, possess, I think, all that can be desired in the way of comfort for either day or night travelling. There is a good fire at one end, or sometimes both ends, of the car, and a flue containing

hot air runs through the bottom, ensuring warmth in the coldest weather; while double doors and double windows exclude draughts of air. The car is divided into separate compartments, each containing, for use in the daytime, two comfortable sofas, which at night may be transformed into broad and excellent beds. Washing places, &c., are duly provided for the convenience of travellers. Extra springs make the cars run easy; but I have heard that some of the railway companies complain that their enormous weight wears out the metal rails.

What are called "Hotel Cars" are still more complete. In addition to the above luxuries, they contain a restaurant and bar, so that the traveller need not take the trouble to alight at the stations when he wishes to refresh the inner man. Communication with the engine-driver is easily effected on all American railways by means of a connecting line which passes through all the cars, supported by rings hung from the roof, within easy reach of a man's hand. To secure the conductor's attention, it is only necessary to pull this rope,

and the train is very soon brought to a stand-still.

Among the papers sold by the boys whose business it is to provide literary amusement for the passengers in the railway cars, is an illustrated weekly paper called the *Police News*, which contains, besides reports of all the most horrible and disgusting police cases throughout the whole Union, a series of stories unsurpassed for their vicious tendency by the most immoral tales ever sold in Holywell Street. Productions so disgraceful would in England certainly subject the paper to immediate prosecution.

Notwithstanding the enormous extent of the country, the comfortable means of railway travelling provided by the palace sleeping cars, make an American look on a journey of many hundred miles as an every-day business, which he undertakes with as little hesitation as we should a railway trip from London to Brighton or Windsor. A young American, who wanted to buy a horse, told me one day at New York that he was going to take the night train for Buffalo, where a horse fair was to

be held, and that he would just look round and return the following night, not seeming the least to think that he was doing anything out of the way in starting on a journey of nearly six hundred miles on the mere chance of finding a horse to suit him.

We reached Altoona, on the eastern slopes of the Alleghany mountains, on Tuesday morning. We got some lovely views of forest, river, and mountain scenery as the train wound up the side of the mountain. The day was lovely. The soft blue haze of the Indian summer tempered the brilliancy of the sun. The forests which cover the country had now assumed the gorgeous autumn colouring so peculiar to America, and presented a combination of crimson, yellow, and green foliage not to be surpassed for beauty, and of which one can form but a faint idea until one has actually seen it.

Numerous trains laden with iron ore or coal showed the mineral wealth of the beautiful country we were passing through, while at Pittsburg, on the Ohio, the smoky atmosphere and numerous manufactories reminded one of Manchester or Birmingham. There

another sleeping car was attached to the train, and daylight on the morning of Wednesday, the 7th, showed us we were passing over the great tract of marshes at the foot of Lake Michigan, indicating the approach to Chicago. We reached this important city at 9 A.M. in a pour of rain, of which we got the full benefit at the station, where shelter from the weather seems to be regarded as a superfluous luxury.

Chicago, situated on the south-western shore of Lake Michigan, in the state of Illinois, is now a large, well-built, and flourishing city, daily increasing in size and population. It is laid out in blocks, like most American cities, the streets crossing one another at right angles. While in 1830 it had only a hundred inhabitants, the population is now estimated at three hundred thousand. It is already connected by railroads and by water with the Atlantic on the east and the Gulf of Mexico on the south. On the completion of the Union and Central Pacific Railways, which are now nearly finished, it will also be connected with the Pacific on the west. The completion of the latter railways seems to be

looked forward to with great interest at Chicago, and everywhere in the hotels large placards may be seen headed with the words "Westward the star of empire wends its glorious way," and announcing the opening of portions of the line, which indicate its gradual approach to the shores of the Pacific.

In the hall of our hotel, the Tremont House, was hung a photograph of the curious operation by which it was raised five feet above its former level. This was done by placing screw-jacks under the walls, to each of which at a given signal a turn was given. All the time business was continued as usual, the house containing about six hundred people. The gigantic grain elevators are a great feature in the town, but as they consist externally of four square red brick walls running up to an immense height, they do not add to the architectural beauty of the city.

While walking along Michigan Avenue, which runs along the shore of the lake, we were rather astonished to meet a two-storied frame-house, with brick chimneys, moving bodily down the street on wooden rollers. To us it was a curious and

novel sight; but it is not uncommon in the West, where a house to let is an unknown thing, a man who wishes to change his locality finding it cheaper and more convenient to carry his house with him than to build a new one.

By the greatest good fortune we came to Chicago at the very time when a conference on Indian affairs was being held at our hotel, to draw up a report to be laid before Congress. All the generals in the West were assembled for that purpose, including Generals Grant, Sherman, Terry, Augur, and others. On our presenting our letters of introduction to General Sherman, he kindly promised to give us every assistance in his power towards obtaining good hunting, and to that end recommended us to General Augur, who was about to start on an Indian scouting expedition across the plains between the Republican and Smoky Hill Forks of the Kansas River, the finest buffalo hunting country in the West. On General Augur proposing to us that we should accompany the expedition, we gladly accepted the offer as the greatest piece of good fortune that could have

happened to us. As the conference had still some days' work before it, we occupied the time in seeing the sights of Chicago, and in the evenings had a tolerable Italian or German opera at the large and handsome Opera House. Some of the operas were sung partly in Italian and partly in German, the effect of which was more novel than pleasing.

One of the monster torchlight processions, of which we had heard, was held in honour of Mr. Seymour, the Democratic candidate for the Presidency, while we were at Chicago. About ten thousand men walked in it, four abreast, each carrying a torch, and several of them bearing party flags and emblems.

The procession, which was enlivened by several bands of music, was a very pretty sight. Processions seem indeed to be a great institution of the country, as we saw several, both Democratic and Republican, in nearly every large town we visited in the States. The accounts published in the newspapers the morning after one of these demonstrations are most wonderfully at variance; the Democratic papers announcing the processions of

their own party as most brilliant successes, while the Republican papers speak of them as miserable failures, and *vice versâ*. To believe the public journals, the future Chief Magistrate of the Union must be either a drunkard or a madman, as the Democratic papers hold up General Grant to public execration as a confirmed sot, while the Republican organs are equally confident in stating that Mr. Seymour is a victim of hereditary lunacy.

Though Chicago is nearly a thousand miles from the sea, fresh oysters are easily procured; in fact, there are few places on the North American continent where this much prized shell-fish cannot be obtained by the oyster-loving American. The other popular crustacean, the clam, is also universally obtainable, though, to my unaccustomed palate, both clams and canned oysters tasted anything but agreeably.

Cloth of every sort is now manufactured in Chicago; and in one large store, over which the proprietor kindly showed us, all the latest London patterns were successfully copied. A magnificent store is being built by Mr. Palmer, a gentleman

who occupies a place among the merchants of this prosperous city similar to that occupied by Mr. Steward among those of New York.

The wonderful progress of Chicago is looked on with considerable admiration by the Americans in the Eastern States, and the Chicagoans are considered to have their wits remarkably well about them. We were told, when about to start for Chicago, that we should there have a fine opportunity of "seeing the elephant," a phrase which, as understood by Americans, means acquiring experience of the world at some cost to the investigator.

On Monday, 12th, we started in the afternoon for Omaha, Nebraska, five hundred miles west of Chicago. Once clear of the town the road lies over the open prairie which stretches away far as the eye can reach. In general it is covered with long coarse grass three or four feet high. In many places the fires that constantly sweep over these plains have left nothing but the blackened ground, which has much the appearance of an Irish turf bog. The soil is very rich, and being entirely free from stones, only requires to be turned over by the

plough to yield any sort of grain. Fields of five or six hundred acres are covered with fine crops of Indian corn, standing high above a man's head. Sugar-cane also grows well on this fertile soil. It is only near the few towns along the road that any cultivation is seen, the rest of the country being still untouched prairie. At Fenton the road crosses the Mississippi by a shaky wooden bridge about two miles in length, and then enters the State of Iowa. Passing still across the undulating prairies, one soon gets tired of the monotony of the view, which is entirely devoid of life, except for an occasional emigrants' waggon seen toiling painfully westward across the plain.

In about twenty-six hours from Chicago, we reached Council Bluffs on the eastern bank of the Missouri, and having crossed its muddy waters in a steam-ferry, found ourselves at Omaha, on the western bank of the river.

Omaha is the capital of the State of Nebraska, and has now a population of about seven thousand. Though containing some good streets and stores, it does not possess anything like a comfortable hotel.

As the Eastern terminus of the Union Pacific Railway, and the largest town between the Missouri and Salt Lake City, it does a large and rapidly increasing trade. All the stores necessary for hunting on the plains can be obtained here, including Eley's cartridges for breechloaders, and both English and American gunpowder. Buffalo robes, however, of which one large one, at least, is a necessity on the plains, were difficult to procure, and more expensive than in Chicago, fifteen dollars being asked, and easily obtained, for a good one.

As the preparations for our scouting party across the plains would occupy some days, we determined to make the most of the time by shooting prairie chickens and wild duck in the neighbouring prairies and marshes.

On Wednesday, 14th, we took the railway as far as St. John's, in Iowa, about forty miles east of Omaha. There we procured two lumber waggons, and drove across the prairie to a farm-house about ten miles distant, situated on the borders of a large swamp where ducks and geese abound.

On reaching the farm-house we were welcomed by the farmer, and promised the best accommodation the house could afford.

The first day we devoted to wild-fowl shooting in the marsh, which entails wading in water, always reaching up to the knees, and if one be unlucky enough to step on an extra soft piece of mud, probably up to the neck. However, we pulled on long indiarubber wading boots and made the best of our way through the water and tall bulrushes, which often reached high above our heads. Here and there a large circle had been cleared by the musk rats, who bite through the bulrushes, and with them build a dome-shaped house about six feet in diameter, and rising about three feet above the water. Seated on these rat-houses, we fired away at the ducks and geese as they flew over our heads, constantly kept on the wing by the firing, and by the dogs who plunged about among the rushes. By sundown we had secured a good bag of mallards, wood duck, teal, widgeon, and some other varieties of wild-duck, besides geese and English snipe, though we lost a great number of ducks, owing to

the dogs not being under proper control, and the rushes being so thick that we could not mark the spot where the game fell.

On reaching the farm-house, we found an excellent dinner awaiting us, consisting of beef and venison, buck-wheat cakes and prairie hens, with eggs, fresh milk, coffee, and whisky. After dinner, while smoking round a cheerful fire, several stories were told illustrative of the manners and customs of the West. Among them was one of a conjurer, who came to Omaha as a new and profitable field in which to exhibit his tricks. Wishing to perform the well-known feat of having a pistol fired at him, and then showing a bullet in his hand, he gave a weapon to one of the Western boys who formed his audience, and desired him to fire at him. The man did as he was told, and of course the conjurer held up the bullet in his hand. The native of the West looked at him a moment in astonishment and disgust, and then exclaiming, "By thunder, I never missed a man twice," drew his own revolver from his belt, and shot the juggler through the shoulder. The unfortunate man ran for his life, and it is need-

less to say attempted no more similar exhibitions at Omaha.

Many other tales were told of hunting adventures, and miraculous escapes from prairie fires, till at last, the inclination to sleep overcoming us, we rolled ourselves up in our buffalo robes, and lying down near the fire, were soon sound in the embrace of Morpheus, or at least that portion of the party on whom a bed on the floor and tremendous snoring had no effect. As for myself, I cannot say that my rest was entirely unbroken.

Next morning we walked through the fields of Indian corn which surrounded the farmhouse, and killed over twenty pair of prairie chicken in a few hours; very pretty shooting it was. We knocked over the prairie birds as they rose up in coveys, and flew like partridge just along the tops of the Indian corn-stalks. We then returned to the swamp, and saw an antelope crossing the prairie, but he did not come within shot. We, however, again made a large bag of wild fowl as they flew across the swamp in the fading light of the evening.

Returning to Omaha on Friday, 16th, we found

all prepared to start on the following day. My weapons consisted of a breech-loading twelve-bore shot gun by Purdey ; a breech-loading twelve-bore double-barrel rifle by Westley Richards, throwing a very heavy bullet or shell, as I had with me moulds for casting both ; and an American cavalry Spencer carbine, carrying eight shots, one in the barrel and seven in the magazine. A revolver and hunting-knife were stuck in a belt round my waist. The best sort of kit for hunting, both on the plains and in the mountains, consists of stout waterproof butcher or snake boots, buckskin breeches, and buckskin or flax hunting-shirt, with flannel underclothing. The very strongest material is indispensable, as when forcing one's way through the trees, while following game in the Rocky Mountains, one's clothes are pretty sure to be nearly torn to pieces. A heavy topcoat, waterproof sheet, a thick blanket, two buffalo robes, and a light portable mattress are also necessary ; especially the buffalo robes, as the sun shines with great power in the day-time, while the nights are bitterly cold,—water in the mountains often freezing inside the tents.

CHAPTER VII.

START FOR THE PLAINS—THE PLATTE RIVER—MODE OF CAMPING—ACCOUTREMENTS OF THE SOLDIERS—THE GREAT INDIAN HUNTING GROUNDS—MY FIRST BUFFALO—ANTELOPE—THE REPUBLICAN RIVER—LARGE HERDS OF BUFFALO—BEAVER CREEK—DREARY COUNTRY—TRAIL OF HOSTILE INDIANS—TALES ROUND THE CAMP FIRE—MASSACRE OF UNITED STATES TROOPS—TORTURES INFLICTED BY THE INDIANS—FIGHT BETWEEN PAWNEES AND SIOUX—REMINISCENCES OF THE LATE WAR.

On Saturday, 17th October, we started on our hunting and Indian scouting expedition across the plains. The force was under the command of General Augur, who took with him on his staff, Colonel Litchfield, Major Russell, Capt. Coates, and Dr. Thatcher. Fourteen hours on the Union Pacific Railway brought us to Plum Creek Station, two hundred and fifty miles west of Omaha. There we were met by a hundred and fifty men of the 2nd Cavalry under Major Noys, Capt. Spalding, and Lieut. O'Brien; fifty Indians of the Pawnee tribe,

under Major North; twelve waggons drawn by six mules each, and an ambulance drawn by four mules.

The first day being Sunday we only marched fifteen miles across a level plain in a southerly direction. Six miles brought us to the northern bank of the Platte river, here about a mile in width. This river has its source in the great snowy ranges of the Rocky Mountains. The North Platte rises in the mountains bordering the North Park, and flows first in a north-westerly, then in a northerly, and then in a south-easterly direction. The South Platte proceeds from the mountains bordering the South Park, and follows a north-easterly course. The two forks join at Julesberg, and flow into the Missouri river, some miles below Omaha. The length of the river, from the source of the North Platte to the Missouri, must be about fifteen hundred miles, but it is so shallow as to be useless for navigation. The constantly shifting quicksands render the fording of it a difficult and dangerous operation. We, however, got safely over by following the directions of our Indian

guides, and camped on the right bank, about nine miles below the ford.

On arriving at the camping ground, the waggons are drawn up in a semicircle, forming the outer line of the camp. The horses are then unsaddled and left to feed where they like for a couple of hours, while the men pitch the tents. These are the A tents, in general use in the American army, supported by two perpendicular and one transverse pole. When the horses have eaten some grass and been watered, they are groomed and fastened up for the night to ropes stretched between the waggons. A feed of Indian corn is given them night and morning.

The saddle is a wooden frame, coming to a peak both in front and behind, and covered with untanned hide. It is a complete skeleton saddle, an open space being left between the frames on either side of the horse's back, thereby giving plenty of ventilation; under the saddle a folded blanket is placed. Though the peak in front is useless, I may say even dangerous, and invariably barked my knuckles terribly when galloping with a carbine

in my hand, the saddle is light and seems to answer the purpose admirably, as in a march of four hundred miles, over plain and mountain, we had not a case of sore back. The stirrup-leathers are used at least three inches longer than with us, the leg being kept quite straight. The front of the wooden stirrup is covered with leather, which, though it somewhat protects the foot from the weather, is a horrible nuisance in a long march, as it prevents more than the toe resting on the stirrup; a position which is more tiring than any I know, when marching nine hours a day. The men wear Wellington boots drawn over light-blue overalls, with heavy brass spurs, and short blue tunic, darker than the overalls, with brown leather pouchbelts. A forage cap with a straight peak, and a light-blue great-coat, completed a uniform more useful than ornamental. The arms of the troops which I accompanied consisted of a Spencer carbine and breech-loading six-chamber revolvers. When engaged with Indians, they dismount and fight on foot.

Every night during the march, all precautions

were taken against a night attack. Videttes were stationed on all the surrounding bluffs, and sentries posted round the camp, a cold enough duty, as the wind sweeps across the plain as freely as over the ocean, and the nights were often bitterly cold,—ice forming an inch thick. Reveillé was sounded at 4.30 A.M., breakfast for us at 5.30, and we marched off at 6.30, just about sunrise. The only bugle call which resembled any of those of our cavalry was the one to stables, which was exactly similar.

The chances of a night attack are very small, as the Indians think that, if killed during the night, they will always have to hunt in darkness in the land of spirits. If, however, they get a chance to stampede the horses and mules, and surprise a camp without loss of life to themselves, they will do so.

On Monday 19th, we mounted the bluffs which border the valley of the Platte, and reached the table-land which stretches away to the Republican River. These table-lands gradually ascend until they reach what is called "the Divide," whence the canôns, or ravines and creeks, slope away to the

rivers which drain the different parts of the plain, in this case on the north side to the Platte, on the south to the Republican River. From the Rocky Mountains to the Missouri at Omaha, a distance of nearly six hundred miles from west to east, and over a thousand miles from north to south do these vast oceans of grass extend. One may traverse them for hundreds of miles without meeting a single inhabitant, for they are frequented only by the Indians and the wild beasts which they pursue. A more noble hunting-ground cannot be imagined. The Indians, however, wish to keep the privilege of it to themselves, and resent the intrusion of the white man and the extension of the railway, well knowing that, as civilisation advances, they will be driven further to the west, and that their ultimate extinction is only a question of time. Three Indian chiefs, rejoicing in the names of Spotted Tail, Turkey Leg, and Black Kettle, each followed by about two hundred warriors, were, at the time of this expedition which I accompanied, out on the war path. The principal object of our scouting party was to ascertain the

whereabouts of these gentlemen, and to prevent their approaching too near the line of the Pacific railroad.

Almost directly on reaching the table-land, we saw herds of antelope scampering away across the plains; and we had not advanced far before we sighted a solitary old bull buffalo quietly grazing on the side of a ravine. Determining to kill him, we made two parties to hunt him, one on each side of the ravine. He did not seem to notice us until we got pretty close, when he galloped off up the canôn, picking out the most difficult ground he could find. We soon, however, cut off his retreat, when he stopped and charged the nearest of his pursuers. The man turned his horse, and just shot by him; the bull's head coming so close to him, that his hand actually touched the animal's horns as he put it out involuntarily to ward them off. Getting a good opportunity as the buffalo passed by me, I gave him a finishing shot through the shoulder, which rolled him over as he plunged down into a ravine. We then cut out the tongue, tender loin, and hump, leaving the rest to be devoured by the

wolves, which came sneaking round before we had got ten paces from the carcass.

A little farther on we killed two antelopes out of a herd that crossed in front of us, and six more buffaloes, thus providing plenty of meat for the camp. A march of thirty-two miles then brought us to the Republican River, where we encamped under an old cotton wood tree. The banks of the river were everywhere trodden down by the feet of herds of buffalo, deer, and antelope, thus promising us lots of sport in the neighbourhood.

Tuesday 20th.—During the night we had a violent storm of thunder, lightning, and rain, causing us a good deal of anxiety as to whether the tent pole would hold or not. Fortunately it did, and when at last the storm cleared away and morning broke clear and cold, it was still firm and upright. As we expected to fall in with hostile Indians in this neighbourhood, a party of Pawnees were sent on a-head to reconnoitre the trail, and a detachment of cavalry to scout about six miles on our left. Crossing the Republican River, which is here about two hundred yards in width, the trail led us in a

south-westerly direction, and in about two hours we fell in with the advanced party of Pawnees, who had dismounted and were lying down beside their horses. On galloping forward to know what was up, they informed us that a large herd of buffalo were grazing over the brow of the hill about a mile off.

We proceeded in the direction indicated, and on reaching the top of the hill saw before us a herd of three or four hundred buffalo, composed of bulls, cows, and calves; some grazing, others lying down. At first they apparently took no notice of us, but when we had approached to within a quarter of a mile, they got our wind, and getting the cows and calves into the middle of the herd, started off at a clumsy gallop over the plain. Digging our spurs into our horses' sides we raced at top speed after the retreating herd, which plunged along, tearing up the ground and kicking up such clouds of dust that it was a matter of great difficulty to see before us, and avoid the treacherous holes and dangerous ravines, over whose steep sides the buffalo galloped without in the least checking their pace.

After a chase of about three miles we came up

with the herd, and then singling out our victims endeavoured to separate them from the main body. This is an extremely difficult task; as a buffalo, as soon as he is wounded, makes a dive into the middle of the herd, where the hunter has to follow him at the risk of running on to the horns of some other bull or cow as they gallop blindly a-head. The Spencer carbines, with which we were most of us armed, made fatal practice among the herd as we broke up and scattered them. Nine enormous black carcases soon lay dead on the plain —six bulls, two cows, and a calf, the latter killed by one of the old hands who knew at what age the meat was most tender. These were the only buffalo we saw during the day, though we afterwards killed a couple of antelope and a black-tailed deer.

After a march of twenty-two miles we encamped for the night on Little Beaver Creek, a stream which flows into the Republican River. No more appropriate name could be given to it, as all along the borders of the stream trees were felled to make the dams of these interesting animals. These dams we found very useful as bridges when walking

along the banks of the river in search of wild turkeys and grouse, of which we killed several before dinner time. Here we joined the party who had been detached to scout on our flank. They reported having found the fresh trail of a war party of some thirty Indians, about ten miles below the creek where we were encamped. The trail of a war party is easily distinguished from that of a peaceful travelling party, as in the former case, the squaws and papooses are left in the chief's village, and the warriors go out on horseback in all the glory of paint and feathers. When merely travelling from one part of the country to another, or when hunting, the squaws accompany them, and the lodge poles, which are strapped to the back of the Indian ponies, trail along the ground, leaving a track like a waggon wheel.

After dinner, while seated round the camp-fire, this trail of hostile Indians was the great theme of conversation, and numerous stories were told of the atrocities practised by the Red Skins on any unfortunate whites who fell into their hands. The details of the tortures which they sometimes inflict

were too horrible to relate. Even a bald head, it appears, does not save the victim from the scalping-knife, as, should a man have a beard and whiskers, these serve the purpose equally well, and are mercilessly removed.

Our near proximity, about two days' march, to the spot where Colonel Forsythe and his party were so near being massacred by the Indians about a month previously, lent additional interest to the tale told us round the camp-fire by one of the survivors of that ill-fated party. It appears that Colonel Forsythe had been ordered out on the scout by General Sheridan, and taking with him a party of about eighty soldiers he proceeded to scour the country along the Smoky Hill route, west of Fort Riley. Having only come across the trail of one war party, they had advanced some two hundred miles, when they were suddenly attacked by a band of some five hundred hostile Indians, composed of Rapahoes and Sioux. They resisted the attacks of the savages until all their ammunition was exhausted, when the enemy closed in and killed or wounded the whole of the whites. Colonel For-

sythe, though terribly wounded, managed to escape with only three companions into the bush which grew along the creek, and finally reached the Fort, where he is now recovering from his wounds. The fate of those who fell alive into the hands of the enemy was almost too horrible to relate. Some had their entrails pulled out and fastened to a tree, round which they were driven until their whole interior was wound round it. Others were hoisted up on sharp stakes and left to die a lingering death, while many were skinned alive and mutilated.*

After listening to similar tales of torture inflicted by Indians, I retired to my tent quite satisfied with the justice and necessity of the orders which our party were prepared to carry out, viz., to kill every Red Skin we should meet—man, woman, or child; and when during the night the howling of the wolves woke me up, a sort of feeling, as though an Indian was scalping and skinning me, made me think that the life of the American soldier, when

* On inquiring whether any traces of the fight were still perceptible, our informant replied, "You bet, sir, the arrows are sticking up out of the ground as plentifully as the quills in the back of a porcupine."

scouting on the plains of the Far West, was one which I should not care to exchange permanently for the less exciting, but decidedly safer, occupation of mounting guard at Her Majesty's Palaces in London.

From Major North, the white leader of the Pawnees, we had the following account of a hard fight he and forty of his men had with a vastly superior force of Sioux, while out on the scout a few months previously. While following one of the creeks sloping down to the Smoky Hill Fork of the Kansas River, a war party of over a hundred Sioux suddenly emerged from one of the canôns and attacked his little party. Taking up a position in a hollow on the bluffs, protected by the natural formation of the ground, he dismounted his party and kept the hostile Indians at a respectful distance by firing at them whenever they approached within shot. As night came on he and his men and horses began to feel the want of water, which, running in the creek below, they could procure only by exposing themselves to the arrows of the Sioux. He had also to keep a sharp eye on his

own Indians, for fear they should become panic-stricken and bolt. He rode up several times to the brow of the hill which sheltered them from the enemy, and disregarding the arrows aimed at him, "drew a fine bead" with his trusty rifle, and each journey to the top of the hill dropping a Sioux dead. The latter, finding they were getting the worst of it, withdrew some distance, and the Major and his party, securing the scalps of the fallen enemy, made tracks during the night and escaped from what seemed certain death.

The conversation turning to the question as to which was physically the most powerful, the white or the red man, the palm was universally voted to the white, and some instances were given in proof of his superior strength. One of our party, who had himself had a death wrestle with a naked savage, related the particulars to us as near as I can remember as follows:—"We were out on the scout near the Republican last fall, when we came on a fine herd of buffalo. The bull I got after led me straight away some miles from the column, until with the last ball in my six-shooter I knocked him

over as he plunged down into a canôn. Dismounting from my horse, I drew my hunting-knife and began to descend into the bottom, to secure the tender loin and tongue. Hardly had I proceeded ten yards when a naked Indian sprang on me, knocking the knife out of my hand. He was unarmed, and so was I, and we both wanted the knife, which lay at our feet, mighty bad. At last I got the damned Red Skin down and drove the knife through him; and, you bet, I kept mighty near the column for the rest of that scout."

Another subject on which our companions were never tired of spinning yarns, was their adventures during the war with the South. One had been with the army of the Potomac; another had accompanied Sherman on his famous march through Georgia; while a third had been at Charleston, at New Orleans, and twice had seen the inside of a Confederate prison. From the last I was glad to learn that the reports I had heard in the Eastern States, of the systematic starving of the Northern soldiers when confined in prison by the Confederates, were not, as far as came within his experience, true.

Though he and his comrades in prison had sometimes no other food for twenty-four hours than a handful of roasted beans, the Confederates were themselves equally badly off, and were almost dying of starvation.

During the operations before Petersburg and Richmond, they told us the soldiers of the Northern army used to purchase whatever they wanted from the "Rebs," in the following cheap manner. The paper notes issued as currency by the Southern government were very rough specimens of art, and some of the soldiers in the Northern army, who had learnt the trade of engraving, &c., forged sackfuls of them, which they sold to their comrades for a very small sum. These notes, being tendered to the Southern soldiers during the temporary truces, were accepted by them, and thus the Yankees provided themselves with tobacco, peaches, and other luxuries at the smallest possible cost to themselves, and at the expense of the Confederate exchequer.

I was curious to know in what light the officers looked upon the famous order of General Butler

at New Orleans:—"that all women who insulted Federal officers should be treated as women of the town." On this subject opinion was divided; some holding that ladies who could so far forget themselves as to spit in the face of Federal officers when they met them in the streets, were no longer worthy to be treated as ladies. They expressed at the same time their conviction that in no other way could the insults offered by the Southern women to the Federals be stopped, as they would cheerfully undergo fine and imprisonment. The majority, however, held that nothing could justify a Christian soldier and gentleman in issuing such a barbarous order.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE INDIAN TRAIL—DOG CREEK—GAMBLING—MEASUREMENT OF TIME—INDIAN PONIES—THE RED MAN'S ARMS—DESERTED WIGWAMS—PRAIRIE DOG VILLAGES—CAYOTES, OR PRAIRIE WOLVES—FALSE ALARM—RATTLESNAKES—TURKEY CREEK—INDIAN SONGS AND DANCES—THE INDIAN PIPE—THE RED MAN'S HEAVEN—INVITATION TO VISIT A PAWNEE VILLAGE—INDIAN MORALITY—RESPECT FOR OLD AGE.

WEDNESDAY, 21st. The morning broke with a thick, cold fog, through which we marched, following an Indian trail four years old, utterly invisible to us, but easily made out by our Indian guides, whose power of following at full gallop a trail, of which we could not make out the faintest sign, was marvellous.

Soon after sunrise the fog cleared away, showing us a country dreary and barren as an African desert. Dry, short, brown grass and stunted cactus, never growing more than a couple of inches high, covered the plain, while the whitened bones of

buffalo and deer alone showed that game had ever existed in the country. Not a living thing, either bird or beast, was to be seen. No water ran down the ravines, nor were there any trees on their precipitous sides, only tall dead sunflowers and wild roses long since withered.

A party of Pawnees was detached to follow the trail of the Indians seen the previous day, and soon after noon we encamped on Dog Creek, a tributary of the Smoky Hill River in Kansas, about twenty-five miles north of the main stream. In the evening the party of Pawnees returned, having followed the trail for forty miles, but without meeting any Indians. They, however, brought in the haunches, tongues, and entrails of three buffalo, killed on the way, which they devoured after reaching camp.

The Indian manner of cooking buffalo meat is simple in the extreme. Lighting a large log fire, they bend across it sticks of green wood, on which they hang large pieces of the flesh. Then, sitting round the fire, they cut strips of meat off with their knives, and devour it half raw. Should fire-wood be scarce, they think nothing of cutting out the

liver and entrails, and eating them warm from the carcase. When game is plentiful, an Indian will eat an incredible quantity at a sitting, completely gorging himself, but should it be scarce, he is able to go for days without touching food.

The Pawnee Indians who accompanied us, are allies of the United States, by whom they are paid, armed, and clothed. They are great gamblers, and having nothing else to play for, stake their clothing. An Indian who has been fortunate will sometimes appear wearing trousers, mocassins, two or three coats, blankets, and an old felt hat; while another who has been unlucky in play has nothing left but an old blanket thrown round his shoulders, over which the long black hair is streaming. In this primitive costume, however, he looks far more natural and stately than his more lucky comrade, who, dressed up in his extravagant European garments, with his face painted red and yellow, and an eagle's feather stuck in his wide-awake hat, is simply a ludicrous object, more suggestive of the monkey than of the noble savage. The Indian has great natural dignity of

manner, and a calm gravity of countenance. His voice, when he does speak, which is very seldom, is soft and persuasive. Signs and gesticulation are almost invariably used instead of speech, which they seem to regard as unnecessary. Our red allies were made to camp some hundred yards away from our tents, for fear we should suffer from the vermin which abounded on their persons. Of time or distance they have very little idea, measuring the length of a journey by so many sleeps, and time by so many moons. When an Indian has a journey to make, he jumps on his pony at the first dawn of day, and rides off at a sort of shuffling trot, never stopping till dusk, by which time he has made over fifty miles. In two sleeps he can thus accomplish a distance of over a hundred miles.

The Indian ponies are wonderfully tough little beasts, and on the hardest fare will do an amount of work that would kill most horses. At buffalo-hunting they are admirable, turning like lightning when the buffalo charges, and so fearless that they will gallop up to the biggest bull and endeavour to seize him with their teeth. The Indians are splendid

riders. It is commonly said in the West that, when a white man has ridden a horse to a standstill, an Indian will jump on his back and gallop him twenty miles farther.

Few of the Indian tribes possess rifles, and they are said to be bad shots. The tomahawk and bow are still their chief weapons. Their arrows are very difficult to avoid, as they can keep three in the air at once, so rapidly do they discharge them. The North American Indians do not poison their arrows, and never venture to attack a party of white men unless they are in a majority of at least ten to one.

While walking through the scrub and cotton wood trees which fringe Dog Creek, we found the deserted wigwams of several Indians who had only just recently left them, probably frightened away at our approach. The wigwams, which were of a conical shape, were formed of the boughs of trees stuck in the ground and fastened together at the top, the whole being covered over with buffalo skins.

The country for miles round, on both sides of the creek, was cut up by prairie dog villages, as

they are called, which exactly resemble our own rabbit warrens. The prairie dog, which is properly a species of marmot, is so called from its peculiar sort of chirping cry which is supposed to resemble the bark of a little dog, though I never could find out the similarity. It is by no means an easy task to shoot these small animals, as they sit at the mouth of their holes, and on the slightest alarm disappear head foremost into the ground. Their holes are said to be generally tenanted, in addition to their own family, by an owl and a rattlesnake. I believe these apparently ill-assorted creatures do not quite live together as a happy family, each species resenting the intrusion of the other, though I never heard which remains eventually master of the hole. The prairie dogs are often caught in traps, and when tamed, a task which is easily accomplished, are made pets of.

During the night the cayotes or prairie wolves were so bold and hungry that they actually stole a large joint of buffalo from under the head of one of the soldiers as he slept. The noise these brutes make at night is extraordinary. Two or three of

them will keep up such a howling as to give one the idea that there are at least as many hundreds about. As soon as we camped they came sneaking round to see what they could pick up, though they occasionally got a hint not to approach too near, in the shape of a bullet through the body. I never heard any case of their attacking a man, though I should not like to meet a pack of hungry cayotes when alone.

Thursday, 22nd. This morning, which was again foggy and cold, we marched in a westerly direction, and struck a country very little more inviting than that of the previous day, though rather better for game, as we killed four buffalo, and two black-tailed deer.

Rather a curious incident occurred while endeavouring to get round some buffalo, which were grazing on the opposite side of a ravine. I took two Pawnees with me in order to drive the buffalo towards me, but the animals got our wind and were away before we could get near them. We then rode on up the ravine, about three miles from the line of march of the main column. On reaching some high ground

we saw a number of scattered horsemen galloping towards us at full speed. Though a long distance off, the Indians with me instantly exclaimed, "Sioux! Sioux!" and began to strip the saddles off their ponies and throw off their coats and blankets, making signs to me to do the same. For a moment I thought we were about to be attacked by the hostile Sioux, the most powerful tribe on these plains. The small number of dark objects, however, which I saw approaching us, I guessed to be buffalo galloping in our direction. On my pointing to the black specks and saying, "No Sioux!—buffalo!" the Pawnees again fastened on their saddles, and reassumed their usual quiet dignity. As the buffalo neared, I took my heavy Westley Richards rifle from my orderly, who was carrying it for me, and dismounting, lodged both barrels in the shoulder of the leader of the herd, who rolled over on the grass. Three more were killed by the other hunters.

On our way up to the column a couple of rattlesnakes betrayed their presence by the rattle in their tails as they glided away from under our horses' feet. We immediately pulled up and killed them

with the butt-end of our rifles. The conversation turning on the danger of being bitten by snakes, I was assured that whisky is a certain antidote to the poison. This stimulating medicine is applied both externally and internally. The patient must wash the wound with whisky, and then drink as much of the raw spirit as he can hold, a couple of pints being sufficient to keep off any danger of the poison spreading.

After a march of twenty miles, we encamped on Big Turkey Creek soon after one P.M., and before dinner made a fair bag of pinnated grouse and turkeys, which we put up out of the scrub bordering the creek. In the evening we adjourned to the Pawnees' camp, where we endeavoured to persuade them to give us some Indian songs and dances. At first they did not seem disposed to gratify us, saying, "Heap scalp, heap dance,—no scalp, no dance." At last, however, one fellow stood up and began a monotonous sort of drone, clapping his hands in tune. Gradually others joined in, and soon getting excited, the whole party rose up, and, throwing off their robes, shouted and yelled, clapped

their hands, and twisted their bodies about, until they poured with perspiration, thus working themselves up into a state of the most violent excitement. The theme of all their songs was their battles with their great enemy the Sioux, from whom, when led by Major North, they had taken lots of scalps.

After their exertions it was but natural they should desire to solace themselves with a pipe. Several frying-pans accordingly were filled with the red leaves of the sumac, which grew abundantly about the creek. These were placed on the hot ashes, and carefully watched by some of the older Indians. When dry the leaves, mixed with a little tobacco, formed the Indian smoking mixture known as kinnikinnick. After eating as much buffalo meat as they could hold, a pipe was filled with the mixture, and each Indian in turn took a few puffs. The Indian pipe somewhat resembles the Turkish; the bowl is, however, made of stone instead of clay, and the cherry-stem is shorter than in the chibouque. I never could obtain one of these pipes from the Indians, who look on them

as "medicine" with which they perform certain rites to the "Great Spirit."

I doubt whether an Indian can be said properly to have a religion. He believes, indeed, in spirits, both good and bad, in certain rites which he considers due to these beings, and in "medicines" sacred to them; but priests, images, temples, or form of prayer, he has none. He believes in a future state, but in a bodily form, distinct from a belief in the immortality of the soul. The Red Man's heaven is a vast hunting ground where game will be abundant—where he will be no longer exposed to the vicissitudes of cold and hunger—where white men are unknown, and to which his favourite horse and arms can be taken with him. That he may be fitted out like a brave in the happy hunting grounds, a chief is often buried with his horse, weapons, pipe, and scalps.

Cruelty, thieving, and treachery are characteristics of the Red Man, the latter feature particularly distinguishing him from his Asiatic brother, the Arab. The stranger who has once broken bread and eaten salt with the Arab, is protected by him,

while the Indian, unless the accounts I received from every class of Americans in the West were downright lies, though he will not allow the stranger to be molested so long as he is in his wigwam, as soon as he is clear of the village will seize the first opportunity of taking his scalp.

Of morality the Indians seem to have very easy notions. When parting with our Pawnee escort, they begged us to come and visit them at the village on their "reservation," promising, as an inducement, that we should have the choice of any squaw we fancied every night we spent with them.

The following custom which prevails among the Arapahoe Indians shows, however, that they have some notions of right and wrong. Every year a solemn assembly of the tribe is convened, and every brave is then asked by the oldest chief, whether he has had, at any time during the past year, personal proof of immorality on the part of any of the unmarried women. So binding is the ceremony considered, that should the brave omit to name any woman who has thus erred, she will herself point out the man, and thus confess her guilt. Any woman

thus marked out, is looked on, and may be treated, as a public woman until the next annual meeting. Should she, however, continue chaste during that time, she can then regain her forfeited right of being worthy to be squaw to a brave.

In whatever way the manners of the Indians may have reacted on the Whites, to the detriment of the latter, there is one Indian custom which might with advantage be imitated by the Yankees, and that is respect for old age. Among the Indians the oldest chief and warrior is looked upon as almost sacred, and treated with the greatest reverence. His advice is eagerly sought at the council fire by the other braves, and his influence is in proportion to his age. Among the Yankees age is despised, while children are taught to consider themselves as the equals of their elders, and are rather admired for impertinences which in England would procure them a sound flogging. At the railway station opposite Omaha, it was the custom of the boys who sold apples and newspapers, to chaff every grown man in the cars or on the platform, addressing one as "old scarecrow," another as "bottle-nose," &c.,

which, instead of resenting, the great hulking Western farmers appeared to be pleased with, only laughing at the insolence of the youths. One of the young ragamuffins came up to me as I stood on the platform, and planting himself opposite me, squirted some tobacco-juice close to my legs, and then called out, "Well, you aire a b—y Britisher," a complimentary address in acknowledgment of which I gave him a kick that sent him off howling; and though a torrent of abuse poured out of his mouth, he took good care not again to come within reach of the thick hunting boots I wore.

Of the two great Republican watchwords—Liberty and Equality—the latter seems to express the feeling most dearly cherished by the Americans. Evidences of this meet one everywhere and on every occasion. The assumption of the slightest tone of superiority or command to the American who is socially inferior, is immediately resented by a display of obstinacy, sulkiness, or insolence; while the same man, treated as your equal, will probably be obliging and polite. At hotels, railway stations,

&c., one need not feel surprised if he hears himself addressed and spoken of as a "man" or a "person," while the waiter, porter, &c., will be termed "a gentleman." In their newspapers the Americans make it a point to speak of the crowned heads and princes of Europe simply by their names, without their distinctive qualification, as Victoria, Napoleon, Charles, &c. The liberty of the individual is pushed to a point which tries severely the forbearance of a stranger. On the other hand, the authority of those holding any sort of office is recognised and submitted to in a manner which would never be endured for a moment in England. The railway clerk, the baggage-master, the conductor on board the cars, the custom-house officer, &c., are obeyed with marked submission, even when their actions and their language are such as in England would certainly entail instant retribution, or a complaint for insolence, followed probably by dismissal.

CHAPTER IX.

ENCOUNTER WITH A BUFFALO—PAWNEE BOB—VINDICTIVE CRUELTY OF INDIAN SQUAWS—A MEDICINE ROBE—MEDICINE FORK—TAME MAGPIES—CAÑONS—BLACK-TAILED DEER—FORT MACPHERSON—CONSTRUCTION OF THE FORTS—LIFE OF SOLDIERS IN OUTPOSTS—THE CHEVINGTON MASSACRE—IRISH SOLDIERS—ANTI-BRITISH SONGS—FENIAN ANTHEM.

FRIDAY, 23RD.—Our course lay north-west, over the usual plains and ravines. A large herd of antelopes suddenly appeared on our flank, before the sun had cleared away the morning mist. Sending a volley into their midst, we killed two, but dared not follow the herd, for fear of being lost in the fog.

In the afternoon the sun shone out brilliantly, and as we approached the bluffs over the valley of the Republican River, we saw eight buffaloes grazing on a hill about two miles on our right. Starting off in different directions, so as to surround them, we gradually drew in on them; and as they took the alarm and galloped off, each of us made for the

animal nearest him, running helter skelter across plain and ravine. My intended victim was a fine young bull, which led me a chase over the most broken ground and the steepest ravines he could pick out. Whenever he came out on open ground, I overhauled him rapidly; but when crossing the ravines, he again drew away from me. At last, after a chase of about three miles, I got near enough to give him a bullet from my Spencer carbine; but, my horse being unsteady, it only struck him in the hind quarters, and made him kick out with one leg in a most absurd manner. I gained on him steadily, until at last I got up to him; and as we galloped abreast along the side of a ravine—he on the higher ground, I on the lower—I saw that the blood was pouring from his nose, and that he could not go much farther. Checking my horse, I was just going to give him a finishing shot, at about ten yards' distance, when, suddenly stopping, he cocked his tail, lowered his horns, and charged me with a rush. I fired, at the same time digging my spurs into my horse's side, in order to shoot ahead of the buffalo. The horse became frightened,

however, and stood still. In a moment the bull was on us, catching me, with his head and horns, just under the knee joint of the left leg, and tossing me on to the ground several yards off. He then passed clean under my horse's hind quarters, hoisting them up with his back as he passed, but not injuring the terrified animal, which he pursued for a few yards, fortunately not noticing me as I lay on the ground. My orderly, who was about half a mile in the rear, making the best of his way after me, caught my horse and led him up to me, but I was in too great pain to follow and kill the buffalo.

Several black spots on the plain, with groups of horsemen round them, showed me that my companions had been more fortunate than I was; and I found, on riding up to them, that six out of the eight buffalo had been killed. Luckily for me we could see the white tents of the camp on the opposite bank of the Republican River. I just managed to ride that far, my wounded leg as it grew stiff hurting most horribly. On reaching camp the doctor applied ointments and bandages, which soon eased the pain.

The long dry grass which grew in the bottom where we were encamped was full of pinnated grouse, and along the river, under the big cotton wood trees which fringed it, lots of wild duck were swimming about. The shot guns were therefore soon brought out, and plenty of feathered game provided for the dinner table.

Saturday 24th, we started with the first dawn of day, having a long march before us to where we could again find water. I rode in the ambulance, having as a companion in misfortune one of the Indians, who had managed to get a cut on his hand, which had festered, and appeared to give him great pain. This man, one of the best-looking and most intelligent of the Pawnees, answered to the name of "Bob," speaking English tolerably well. He had been to Washington and New York, but did not like the former because he said there were "too much nigger there." The Red Indians generally entertain a great contempt and dislike for the Blacks. At New York, Bob said, the people were "Great Medicines," because they had picked his pocket without his discovering the thief.

Although "Bob," seated beside me in the ambulance with his arm in a sling, appeared a sufficiently harmless creature, I learnt from him that the grand Indian amusement of skinning a white man had not very long since been indulged in by his tribe. It appears that a party of trappers had come on some Pawnee lodges when the braves were out hunting, and one of them, finding a good-looking girl in a wigwam, had cruelly violated her. The girl told her tale to the braves when they returned, and the latter followed the trail of the trappers until they found an opportunity of seizing the one who had ill-treated the Indian girl. Him they bound and brought back with them to their lodges, and there delivered him over to the squaws. The white man was by them tied to a tree, and his finger and toe nails having been torn out by the revengeful red furies, he was mutilated, skinned alive, scalped, and then left to be eaten by the wolves and vultures. Though the man may have deserved his fate, it certainly gave me an unpleasant sensation to think that I was sitting beside an

Indian who had taken part in such a revolting act of revenge.

One of the most curious specimens of Indian art I met with was a medicine robe, lent me by the officers to throw over me at night. It was a buffalo robe, beautifully dressed by the Sioux Indians, and painted on the inside was a representation of the massacre of a party of United States soldiers by the Red Men. Though perspective and all the laws of drawing were of course disregarded, every event of the surprise, the fight, defeat, and death by torture of the unfortunate soldiers, was depicted with great minuteness. Red Skin warriors were represented tomahawking, scalping, skinning, burning, mutilating, and torturing, in the most ingenious manner, all the whites they had made prisoners; so that, after hearing the various tales of Indian fights and murders, I had nothing to do but study my painted robe before I went to sleep, to fully understand what would be our fate should we happen to fall into the hands of the Indians, through the middle of whose best hunting-grounds we were then marching. The robe had been found in the lodge

of a Sioux chief, which had been lately surprised by a party of soldiers on the scout.

The country we were now passing through was the finest for game we had yet seen. Immense herds of buffalo and antelope covered the plain and grassy slopes as far as we could see, affording grand sport to the hunters until they were tired of slaughter.

Soon after midday we reached a creek where we expected to find water, but it was dry, and, as the day was intensely hot, both men and horses began to suffer from thirst. Continuing our march across the plain, hunters and horses were too tired to go after the thousands of buffalo which we passed, and it was not until after sunset that we reached a creek called The Medicine Fork, where we descended into the canôn, and encamped in a most charming spot under a grove of trees by the banks of a stream. The tongues and tit-bits of twenty-nine buffalo strapped to the saddles, and the carcases of seven antelope taken out of the waggons, showed what fine sport had been obtained in the long day's march of forty-two miles.

As good grass was abundant, and men and horses were both tired, the General determined to spend the following day in the same place. So Sunday morning we had the comfort of staying in bed until the sun had driven away the chill morning mists, and getting a comfortable breakfast at a decent hour.

Some of the party went out to hunt buffalo in the afternoon, and returned in a few hours, having killed five. Meanwhile, I lay on the grass under a tree reading, when two magpies lit on a branch above me, and being evidently unused to the presence of man, seemed unable to make out what sort of animal I was. At last, one of them hopped on to my leg and began pecking my boots, while the other endeavoured to discover whether my hat was eatable or not. As I had no wish to have a hole made in my boots or hat, I drove them away, and they flew chattering into a neighbouring tree. Just before sunset an elk, with magnificent antlers, came and stared at the camp over the edge of the ravine, and disappeared again before anybody could get a shot at him, nor could the party who

started out after him catch him up before darkness set in.

Monday 26th, we marched twenty-three miles in a northerly direction, and camped on a branch of the same stream, called Medicine Lake Creek. Game was so scarce that only two buffalo and three antelope rewarded the hunters' exertions.

Tuesday 27th, my leg was so much better that I was able to get on my horse again and join the hunting party. One of the American officers and I proceeded up the canôn in search of deer, the line of march being parallel to the ravine, but following the open plain above it. These canôns (pronounced "canyon,") are curious sudden fissures in the surface of the plain. The sides vary in depth from fifty to a thousand feet, and are generally so narrow that one comes upon them quite unexpectedly, the plain appearing level and unbroken until close to the edge of the fissure. Small streams frequently run through the bottom of the canôn, which is, in fact, a natural drain through which the water is conducted into the larger forks that feed the great rivers. They add immensely to the

difficulty of driving the Indians out of the country, as a force of a thousand mounted Red Skins might easily be concealed at the bottom of one of them, while a force marching along the plain would be totally unaware of the existence of the canôn.

The pockets, or sheltered recesses of the canôn up which we rode, were filled with a fine growth of red cedar trees, from under one of which a covey of grouse flew up and, to my astonishment, perched on the branches of a tree close by. As we did not wish to scare away the big game we let them be, and presently saw two black-tailed deer feeding a short distance ahead. On reaching the spot where we had seen them, we could find no traces of them, and were returning down the creek, thinking we had passed them, when they suddenly sprang out of the brushwood just behind us. I was about to take a flying shot at them, when my companion stopped me, saying, "Don't fire, they will stop and look at us directly." The deer's wisdom was, however, greater than their curiosity, and they scampered away over the bluff and were soon out of sight.

Following the canôn some miles farther, we reached the divide between the Republican and Platte Rivers, and descending the slopes towards the latter, reached Fort McPherson soon after midday. Here we were received with the greatest kindness by the officers of the 2nd Cavalry stationed at the fort, and we were given a most pressing invitation to spend several days with them.

These forts are military outposts in the plains, established to protect the great overland route to California. They are scattered at wide intervals from the Missouri to the Sierra Nevada mountains in California, and are placed as near as possible to the great Indian thoroughfares, where tribes or hunting parties pass from north to south. From the forts are detached small parties, which are sent to each station on the Union Pacific Railway, as a protection against stray war-parties of Indians. Each party usually consists of about a dozen men, under a non-commissioned officer, and is paraded on the platform when the train arrives at a station.

The erection of these outposts is necessarily effected by the soldiers themselves, who have to

perform every bit of the labour, from felling the trees in the mountains and canôns, to building and roofing the huts for themselves and their officers. A good deal of masonry has also to be done, as the frame houses are often built on stone foundations. These forts are generally defended by high timber palisades and a block-house. The parties detached to the railway stations throw up small earthworks for their defence The foundations are dug out and raised only a few feet above the level of the surrounding country. The sides are loopholed, and a species of bomb-proof case-mate thus constructed, whence the small party can fire on a much superior force, and be themselves secure from the arrows of their savage assailants. Nor are these precautions useless, as frequent attacks have been made on the stations by parties of Sioux, Cheyennes, and Rapahoes out on the war-path, and every now and then, the rails are torn up and the trains upset and sacked by the Red Skins. Fortunately they have a superstitious dread of the telegraph poles and wires, which they consider great medicines, and rarely

meddle with, though far more open to their attacks than the line of the railway itself, which is to a certain extent defended. Until peace is concluded with the Indians, the safe passage of the trains between the Missouri and the Rocky Mountains must always be rather doubtful.

The troops stationed in these forts have sometimes been surrounded by ten times their own number of hostile Indians, and have for months been unable to venture outside the defences of the post. Fort Phil-Kearney and others have lately been entirely abandoned, and the country left in undisputed possession of the Indians; unfortunately for sportsmen, as the above-named post was in the finest part of the western hunting-grounds. The officers at Fort McPherson lived in very nicely built huts, with a verandah running round the front. They did not seem to have any system of officers' mess as we have, but two or three officers generally clubbed together to breakfast and dine in one of their huts. A good number of them were married, and as their wives and families generally live with them in the forts, the charms of society are not

altogether wanting to enliven the weariness of a long residence in these solitary posts on the barren plains, far from civilisation and its attractions.

The life of both soldiers and officers must be, under any circumstances, a very hard one while employed on this duty. During the summer they are constantly scouring the country in every direction in pursuit of a savage enemy they can never meet in the open field. If they should have the misfortune to be surprised and to fall alive into their hands, they know that the most terrible tortures will be inflicted on them before they are relieved from their sufferings by the merciful hand of death. In both summer and winter these posts are constantly liable to be attacked by overwhelming forces of Indians, who, though never daring to assault the forts themselves, will hover in the vicinity, and invariably cut off any white man who dares to wander outside the shelter of the stockade.

Leave is granted very seldom; some of the officers told me they had not been on leave for three years. Yet they have abundance of idle time, which, in these circumstances, must hang heavy in-

deed on their hands. Books are very scarce. They have few opportunities of amusement, and strangers and travellers are so few and far between, that they rarely enjoy intercourse with those who can give them any information regarding the busy world from which they are banished. The officers have, however, some exceptional opportunities of making money, of which they are not slow to avail themselves. As the railway advances, they can buy up land where towns are likely to spring up, and purchase ground where gold and silver has been discovered by hunters and trappers. The soldiers receive a good round sum as pay, and are not subject to the ridiculous deception practised in England of being told that their pay is a certain sum, and then finding so much a day deducted for messing, &c.

It was while riding with some of the officers on the plains, that I first heard of the horrible outrage known in the east as the Chevington massacre—in the west as the battle of Sand Creek. My informant had passed many years in the far west, and had seen many a hard fight with the Indians, yet he did not attempt to extenuate the atrocity

of the massacre. The account he gave me was as follows:—In the last year of the war between North and South, a body of volunteer cavalry was raised in Colorado, to the command of which a Methodist parson, by name Chevington, was elected, who, dropping his sacred character, became now a soldier under the title of Colonel Chevington. At a place called Sand Creek, not very far from Denver, a large party of Cheyenne Indians were encamped, at that time at peace with the American Government. When all the young braves of the tribe were out hunting, Colonel Chevington marched out to their camp at the head of his Colorado volunteers. The old warrior chief, in command of the encampment, before whose tent the American flag was flying, came out to meet the party and welcome them to the village. He was shot dead by the soldiers, and one of his sons, who accompanied the whites as interpreter, was also killed while interceding for his father's life.

The village was then attacked and every soul put to the sword, old men, women, and little children—none were spared. One soldier, seeing a little

papoose toddling away, took a shot at him with his rifle, but missed him. His comrade, exclaiming, "Guess I'll fix the darned Red Skin," dismounted from his horse, and, taking a steady aim, sent a rifle bullet through the poor child. The work of scalping and mutilating the bodies then began, and not only the scalps of the men, but also the bosoms and other parts of the women were cut off, and hung to the saddles and belts of the volunteers as they rode back in triumph to Denver. There, and in most parts of the far west, their bloody deed was looked on as a great victory; but the Government at Washington took a less partial view of the matter, and sent out a commission to inquire into the affair. Colonel Chevington resigned his command, and made himself scarce, thus escaping the punishment he so richly merited. Yet most of the lower classes — hunters, trappers, ranche-keepers, &c.—to whom I afterwards spoke about the business, considered it a justifiable and meritorious act, saying that an Indian ought to be killed whenever and wherever he can be found. When such is the treatment the Indians receive at

the hand of the whites, it is no wonder if they kill any white they can catch, with every cruel torture known to the savage.

Our arrival at Fort McPherson was the end of our scouting and hunting expedition over the plains. Our hunt, as far as buffalo were concerned, was very successful, as we had killed sixy-five ; of black-tailed deer, five ; antelope, eighteen ; and a fair bag of small game, including turkey, grouse, and wild duck. Of course the object of the expedition being military interfered greatly with the hunting, as, when we reached a fine game country, we could not stop there, and had to march over extensive districts where the grass was burnt up, where there was no water, and therefore no game.

Of the soldiers who were out with us, a large proportion were Irishmen, and during the march I sometimes heard songs decidedly anti-British, such as "The Wearing of the Green," which seems to have been adopted as a sort of Fenian anthem. Numbers of the officers as well as men of the American army are Irish, and one who was of our party told us rather a curious history of himself.

Born in Ireland, he served during the war with the South as a volunteer, and at the close of the contest did not know what to do with himself. He was then induced by the leaders of the Fenian movement in America to go over to Ireland, which was represented by them as ripe for revolt. Soon after landing he was arrested as a Fenian and lodged in Clonmel gaol, whence he escaped; but by what means he would not tell us. Finding the state of affairs in Ireland to be totally different from what he had been led to believe, he returned to America, and, giving up his position as a general in the Fenian army, obtained a commission as lieutenant in the regular cavalry.

We parted from General Augur, his staff, and the officers who were out with us, with the greatest regret, as nothing could exceed the kindness and attention we received from everybody. The General and Staff returned to head-quarters at Omaha, while we waited at the North Platte Station of the Union Pacific Railway for the train which was to take us still further west.

CHAPTER X.

PASSING OVER THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS—FORT SAUNDERS—LARAMIE CITY—VIGILANCE COMMITTEE—PUNISHMENT OF A BULLY—START ON OUR HUNT THROUGH THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS—THE SAGE BUSH—INTENSE COLD—DIFFICULTIES OF OUR ROUTE—THROUGH THE FOREST—THE NORTH PARK—ENCOUNTER WITH INDIANS—OUT IN SEARCH OF GAME.

WEDNESDAY, 28TH.—Started at 7 A.M. by train for Fort Saunders, two hundred and eighty miles west of North Platte, a journey occupying fifteen hours. The road for some distance continued along the valley of the Platte. It was curious to look out of the car windows and see herds of antelope scampering away across the plain, and wolves, disturbed in their feast on the rotting carcass of a buffalo, stealing away to the ravines. From Cheyenne the road rises with a grade of seventy feet to the mile to Sherman, the highest point, eight thousand two hundred and sixty feet above the level of the sea, and seven thousand three hun-

dred above the Missouri at Omaha. It is hard to realise the fact that one is passing over part of the great Rocky Mountain chain, as the summit is reached by a succession of table lands so gradually sloping up to this height that the rise is almost imperceptible to the eye. Descending slightly from Sherman to Fort Saunders, which is seven thousand three hundred feet above the level of the sea, we got out of the train, and proceeded to the quarters of the officers stationed there.

We were received most kindly by General Gibbon commanding the post, and the officers of the 30th infantry, who promised us a hunt through the best part of the Rocky Mountains as soon as the bad weather, which was evidently coming on, should have passed. Meanwhile we gladly accepted their offer of lodging and entertainment at the fort.

Thursday, 29th.—The heavy clouds which had been gathering for the last twenty hours over the mountains, came down in a storm of wind and snow while the thermometer stood at fifteen degrees below freezing point (Fahr.), and very lucky we

thought ourselves to be under the shelter of a comfortable hut with a good fire, instead of under canvas on the bleak plain. In the intervals between the snow-storms we drove into Laramie city, about two miles from the fort.

In the West every wretched little collection of frame and canvas houses is called a city. Laramie, on the borders of Nebraska and the territory of Wyoming, is one of the new towns called into existence by the railway on the hitherto uninhabited plain. It is situated on the river Laramie, some distance south of its junction with the Platte, and probably possesses about two thousand inhabitants. It consists of four or five streets with brick or wooden buildings, though the favourite material for the construction of the stores is frame and canvas mixed. Drinking and gambling saloons, and brothels, compose the majority of the houses. The embryo city, however, boasts of a really fine railway hotel just opened, and a bank. Of church or chapel I saw no signs. The population is at present a floating one, comprising some of the vilest scum of the earth—murderers, thieves, and loose women. The

two former classes have lately been a good deal thinned by the exertions of that secret tribunal known and dreaded as the Vigilantes, or Vigilance Committee.

I was told that most of the respectable store-keepers were members of this society, which exercises the functions of judge, jury, and executioner on all such murderers, or horse-thieves—whose crime is considered much worse even than that of taking the life of a fellow-creature—as they can catch. The sentence is carried out at night, and the very morning of our arrival at Laramie, the bodies of six horse-thieves were found hanging to the timbers of a frame-house in course of construction in the town, and four more dangled from the telegraph poles along the railroad; while underneath was posted a notice, signed, "The Vigilance Committee," to the effect that, unless Bill Smith or Joe Brown (naming some suspected thieves) cleared out of Laramie at once, they would be served in the same manner. This lynch law is a stern necessity in these western towns, where those whose duty it is to carry out the behests of justice are often such

unprincipled scoundrels that they can be bribed for a few dollars to let off the worst criminals.

I was told by the officers stationed at Fort Steel of a case which occurred at Benton, a mile from that fort. A well-known bully shot a man in a drinking house just for sport. When brought up before the district judge, though he openly boasted of having frequently committed similar acts, he was admitted to bail of a few dollars, and of course disappeared as soon as released. I heard another story, in which the bully fortunately got considerably the worst of it. A gentleman was sitting by the stove in the public room of the hotel at Laramie, when a bully swaggered in and spat on the gentleman's boot. The latter remonstrated, whereupon the fellow spat in his face, and was immediately rewarded by being knocked down. Jumping up, foaming with rage, he attempted to stab the gentleman, but was prevented by the bystanders. It was then arranged that each should be armed with a bowie knife, and be shut up in a dark room upstairs, there to fight it out. The arrangement was carried out; and after waiting some time a heavy fall was

heard. On opening the door the bully was discovered dead on the floor, while his conqueror had only a wound through the arm.

It would occupy a volume to relate all the tales of murder, violence, and crime that were told me, as events of daily occurrence in these lawless Western cities, where every man goes about with a pair of revolvers and a bowie knife in his belt, and on the slightest provocation, or merely for sport, shoots down a man, knowing well that the chances are fifty to one he is never punished for his crime.

On Friday morning, 30th, the weather having cleared up the previous evening, we found everything ready to start by sunrise. Our party was under the command of General Gibbon, with Colonel Dodge, and Captain Coates of the 30th Infantry, twenty-five men and a sergeant of the same regiment, and twenty-four men and a non-commissioned officer of the 2nd Cavalry. Three waggons and an ambulance conveyed the stores, tents, guns, &c. The morning, though bright, was bitterly cold, with hard frost, and the rising sun

showed the ranges of the black hills and Rocky Mountains white with fresh-fallen snow.

Our route lay south across the plain of Laramie, by the banks of the river of the same name, which we followed for about twenty miles to the foot of the mountains. There we left the river on our right, and crossed a spur of the great mountain range. We then descended an almost perpendicular bank and struck the Laramie river again in the valley, where we selected a sheltered bend of the stream for a camping ground, having marched about thirty-five miles. During the march I made my first acquaintance with the small shrub called the sage plant, which grows from one to four feet high, and gives out a highly aromatic scent when crushed. It covers the whole face of the country, mountains, valleys, plains, and deserts alike, from the Rocky Mountains to the Sierra Nevada.

Long before reaching the latter mountain range, I became deeply imbued with an undying hatred for the everlasting sage bush. It is, however, useful in its way, the dry stocks serving for firewood on the alkali plains where no trees grow, and the white

sage affording excellent pasturage for horses and cattle. From the flowers of the bush a horrible decoction is made, which is called tea, and is given as such to the unfortunate travellers across the plains.

Though large herds of antelope covered the hill sides, they were so shy that our day's bag only consisted of two of them, and a few wild duck. Every night that we passed in the Rocky Mountains the cold was so intense that water froze into a solid lump when left inside the tent, and every river, pond, and swamp was covered with ice in the morning. The days were, however, beautiful, with a cloudless sky and hot sun.

Saturday 31st, we started at 6.30 A.M. and forded the river, following up the course of the stream about five miles. We then struck off to the right and commenced the ascent of the great ridge of the Rocky Mountains, which divides Wyoming from Colorado. While we were scattered about in search of game, I came across as pretty a sight as a sportsman would wish to see. Leaving my horse in charge of my orderly, I crept forward to look over the

brow of a hill, and saw below me, about one hundred and fifty yards distant, a small round lake, the banks of which were clothed with rich green grass, and swarmed with antelope and deer. Some of them were pawing the ice, endeavouring to break it, that they might get their morning drink. Some were lying down in the long grass, and others fed or played about. I watched them for some minutes before I crept a little nearer and broke up their pleasant party by sending a bullet through the heart of a fine buck antelope.

The difficulties of our route began on reaching the great belt of pine forest which clothes the main ridges of the mountains. The trail we were following, being only used by Indians and a few white trappers when hunting, was not wide enough to admit the passage of the waggons. The men had, therefore, to be set to the tiresome task of cutting a road through the forest. Not only had the living trees to be cut down, but the dead ones, which lay piled together on the ground, had to be removed, so that our progress was very slow and laborious. The snow lay nearly two feet deep, and we fre-

quently came across swamps in which mules and horses sunk up to their bellies. Trees had, therefore, to be cut down and a corduroy road made across the shaking ground before the waggons could pass.

Toiling up for about two miles through this cold gloomy forest, we at last reached the summit of the pass, about 12,000 feet above the level of the sea. The snow all round us showed tracks of bears, panthers, and wolves, and in one place the huge footprints of a grizzly bear were distinctly marked, leading away through the forest towards the higher peaks.

Descending on the other side through about a mile of the same dense forest, we reached a more open country. Then winding along the side of a mountain which was so steep that we expected every moment the waggons would be over-turned and smashed, we at last reached the north-east extremity of what is called the North Park, and did not get our camp pitched until some hours after sunset, having been fourteen hours doing a distance of only twenty miles. Four antelope and two black-tailed deer constituted the day's bag.

Sunday, 1st November. The North Park consists of a plain about thirty miles long by fifteen broad, through which flows the North Platte River, rising in one of the surrounding mountains. The plain is in Colorado, about 10,000 feet above the level of the sea, surrounded by the finest ranges of the Rocky Mountains, which tower many feet above it, and are covered with everlasting snow. It is well watered by innumerable streams which run down from the hill sides through deep ravines to the Platte, and is covered with long sweet grass and sage bushes. The name of Park is, however, misapplied, as, though the hill sides are well timbered with pine, cedar, and quaking aspen, there is not a single tree on the level plain.

The spot where we had pitched our tents had been kept clear of snow by the thick branches of five gigantic pine trees, and the huge dead trunks of several more which lay round afforded us a plentiful supply of fuel. So, having posted sentries round the camp in case a prowling band of Indians should be attracted by the light of our fires, we heaped on a number of logs, until the flames shot

up into the clear frosty night, and the heat thrown out by the blazing pile obliged us to keep at a respectful distance from it. Then I heard that the hills around had been much infested with Indians, and that two of our party, while hunting among them a month previously, had had a narrow escape. They were stalking a herd of antelope, when the Indian war whoop, "ough, ough, ough!" suddenly rang through the air, and ten mounted Indians dashed at them. They drew up behind a rock,—the cavalry on the right hand, the infantry on the left (one of them was mounted, the other on foot),—and awaited the enemy. Several times the Indians attempted to dislodge them, but so well did these brave hunters defend themselves, that at last the Red Skins retired.

Giving the men and horses a day's rest, which they much needed after the severe march of the previous day, we started off with our guns to explore the Park, and see what we could get for the dinner-table. The General and I made for the mountains along the northern side of the Park, while another party crossed over to

the southern side. The magnificent range of mountains which surround the Park are unequalled in Europe for extent and height, though surpassed by the Alps in grand and striking scenery.

Skirting the northern base of the mountains, we met several herds of antelope and a few deer, but so wild that we could not get within five hundred yards of them. The mountain streams which we crossed, flowing through narrow ravines, were partially frozen. Every hundred yards or so they were dammed up by the largest beaver dams I had seen, some of them being as much as twenty feet high by ten to fifteen wide. In the middle of the deep pools thus made was the conical-shaped house of the industrious little animals, who are easily killed when the pools are frozen over, by demolishing their houses, and shooting them as they try to escape. Large numbers are trapped by the Indians, whose deserted wigwams and traps we frequently found on the banks of the streams.

In the course of our ride we came upon a very curious natural formation, a regular desert of fine white sand, about a mile in length by the same

in breadth; from the edge of which flowed a spring of pure fresh water. Though we passed over a large extent of country, we could not get near enough to any of the few deer or antelope we saw to shoot them. Among the sage bushes, however, we put up and shot some large birds, called sage hens. These birds are nearly as large as turkeys, and are of a grey plumage. They are, I believe, only found in the Rocky Mountains, and appear to bear the same relationship to the grouse found among them that the black-cock bears to the Scotch grouse.

On our return to camp we found that the other parties had been equally unsuccessful in the way of large game, having only bagged some wild duck, sage hens, and a nearly white mountain hare, which they call a jackass rabbit. A sportsman whom they met, one of a large party who had been hunting in the Park for four months, told them that game had now become so scarce that they had been obliged to move their camp some miles away. Indians had been hunting the south-west end of the Park, and had scared away all the game from that part.

CHAPTER XI.

THE PLATTE RIVER—SOLITARY HUNTER—LONG CREEK—TENACITY OF LIFE IN ANTELOPES—GORGE OF THE PLATTE—ROCKY MOUNTAIN SHEEP—THE GRIZZLY AND THE CINNAMON BEAR—THE PASS CREEK—LARGE HERD OF ELK—DANGEROUS JOURNEY IN THE DARK—CROSSING PASS CREEK—HUNTERS AND TRAPPERS IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS—THEIR COSTUME AND EQUIPMENT—BRIDGER, THE OLD HUNTER AND SCOUT.

Monday 2nd, we struck our tents and made for the north-western end of the Park, where the river Platte issues from it. Sending the waggons round to follow the course of the river, we took a shorter cut, and passed through a very deep and narrow canôn, where our horses could hardly keep their legs on the frozen ground. We then crossed a pass on our right, and on reaching the top saw below us the river Platte winding through a grassy plain. On the banks, a large herd of antelope were feeding. Approaching quite near them, under shelter of the hill, we spread out and surrounded

them, so that they must either swim the river or break through our line. They chose the latter alternative, and as they dashed past us, we killed five of them at about ten yards' distance. As soon as the waggons came up we stowed away the meat in them. We had some difficulty in discovering a ford, as our road lay across the river, which is here both broad and deep. Having got the waggons safely over,—a process which entailed a deal of swearing on the part of the mule drivers,—we struck an old exploring party's trail. This led us up a long and wide valley, which extends about eighty miles in a north-westerly direction from the entrance to the North Park.

The Platte River crosses this valley, and does not flow along it, as is represented in all the maps I have seen of the country. Having crossed the valley, the river pursues its course through a narrow gorge of the mountains, and flows northward through a succession of deep canôns, in the very heart of the Medicine Bow range, a course parallel with, but a good deal lower than the valley along which we marched.

After crossing several small tributaries of the Platte, we followed one into a narrow gorge where the overhanging mountains nearly met above our heads; riding through this gorge a short distance, we came to a small piece of meadow-land covered with rich green grass, which presented the most tempting spot for a camping ground. A little back from the river, half-burnt logs and bones of antelope, deer, and elk, together with a nearly perfect head of a big-horn, or mountain sheep, showed that a camp of hunters had not long left the spot. We were not, therefore, surprised when on turning a corner, about a mile distant, we came upon a wild-looking figure dressed in a greasy buckskin coat, old felt hat, and long boots, into which were tucked a tattered pair of blood-stained pants. Beside him grazed a bony three-cornered looking mustang. On seeing us the figure sprang up; but discovering that we were friends he sat down again and proceeded with the occupation from which we had disturbed him, which was that of drinking a horn of whiskey and water, and filling his cheeks with plugs of tobacco. In the former occupation we immediately

joined, and he told us that he had, as we supposed, been one of the party the site of whose camp we had just left. The party, consisting of three hunters, had just broken up their camp, and his two companions had pushed on a-head, being in a hurry to reach Fort Steel, and dispose of the skins and furs they had collected. They had had tolerably good luck, and he assured us we ought to meet plenty of elk and big-horns. As our friend was himself bound for the hunters' camp we had heard of from the party we met in the North Park, we assured him we had seen no trace of Red Skins, and then regained our waggon trail.

Thirty miles brought us to Long Creek, one of the numerous tributary streams which flow across this valley into the Platte. As there was plenty of drift-wood in the stream and good grass, we camped there for the night. Our day's bag was five antelope and four black-tailed deer.

Wednesday, 4th.—Leaving the waggons to follow the monotonous valley along which the trail lay, the Colonel and I made for the range of Medicine Bow Mountains, which bound the valley on the

east. The hill sides were so steep, and the snow so deep, that we had to dismount and lead our horses a great part of the way; extremely hard work at this great elevation, where the air is so rarefied that the slightest exertion causes considerable difficulty in breathing. This shortness of breath is also shared by the horses, who pant painfully, and are obliged to stop frequently to recover their breath while climbing the mountains.

We had a long hunt after a badly-wounded antelope, which very nearly escaped us, though it not only had a foreleg carried right away, but was actually shot through the heart. These animals indeed are wonderfully tenacious of life. The Colonel assured me that he once followed a wounded antelope several miles, and that it at last escaped him, although both fore and hind legs on the same side were shot away.

On one of the peaks overhanging the Platte gorge we picked up quartz with gold scattered through it. Gold is supposed to exist in considerable quantities on some of the mountains of the Medicine Bow range, though no mines

are yet worked in that part of the Rocky Mountains.

Descending into the gorge of the Platte, we rode down the bed of the river, which, though rapid, is not deep. The mountains approach so close on either side as to leave no room even for a game track. The scenery is very grand. The rocks are composed of red sandstone, or red granite and quartz, towering to an enormous height above us. Wherever the mountain receded from the river and long grass appeared, we saw numerous tracks of elk and mountain sheep. On the right we passed a deep canôn, into which, last spring, a party of hunters managed to drive a herd of twenty-seven elk. There being no exit, they shot twenty-six of them, the remaining one making his escape by breaking through the line of hunters. As it was late and far from camp, they left the elk where they lay, intending to return for them next morning; but having neglected to take out the entrails, they found them on their return at the time specified all rotten. Their bones lay bleaching in the canôn, where, no doubt, the Indians have seen them, and

have bitterly cursed the white man who thus wantonly destroys the wild animals which the Red Indian believes were sent by the Great Spirit to serve as food for him, his children, and his squaws, and without which he must certainly starve.

When near Brush Creek, our camping ground, we came on a herd of seven Rocky Mountain sheep feeding by a small pool. Getting as near as the ground permitted, we both fired and dropped one, while the rest of the herd, scampering off, climbed up the face of what seemed to us a perpendicular precipice. On reaching the top they turned round and stared at us, standing with all four legs drawn close together on the points of the highest rocks. As darkness was setting in we could not pursue them, but made the best of our way to camp, and found that the other hunters had made a good bag of antelope, deer, and hares.

Although the grizzly bear is now very scarce in the Rocky Mountains, especially in the hills bordering the line of the Pacific Railway, he is not by any means extinct, as one of the officers with me, while encamped during last summer on part of the Medicine

Bow range, where his soldiers were employed cutting ties or sleepers to be used in the construction of the railway, was one evening surprised by seeing three grizzly bears, a male, a female, and a cub, trot down the side of a canôn not more than four hundred yards from him. Though he "felt bad," he said, not to shoot at them, yet, being only armed with a small-bore rifle, he determined to let them alone.

Next in size and fierceness to the grizzly comes the Cinnamon bear, of which a very ragged-looking specimen has lately been added to the Royal Zoological Society's Gardens in Regent's Park. I was told that in the mountains near Fort Phil-Kearney both kinds abounded, though, as the fort has been abandoned to the Indians, that part of the Rocky Mountains will be inaccessible to the white man until peace is concluded with the Red Skins.

Wednesday, 4th.—The waggons continued along the same trail to the head of the valley, and then bending to the right camped on Pass Creek at the foot of Elk Mountain, a march of about thirty-two miles. As the best hunting-ground for elk in this part of the country lay in the mountains to the

right of the waggon trail, we struck off in that direction in search of the pass known as the Cherokee Trail.

Picking up a few stray antelope as we followed the windings of the creek, we presently came to the slopes of a high snow-capped mountain, one of the Medicine Bow range, where I heard several shots, and then saw the General and Colonel in full chase after a small herd of five elk, one of them evidently wounded. After a long pursuit of five or six miles they eventually secured a nice young elk of a year old, the others escaping into a thick forest.

The rest of us rode slowly on, and had just arrived on the brink of a deep canôn, when we saw on the opposite bank a sight which made our hearts leap. It was no less than a herd or band, as it is called, of over a hundred and sixty elk (we counted up to that number) quietly grazing or lying down. For some minutes they did not notice us; but first one and then another old stag got up and looked uneasily in our direction. They must have got wind of us, for soon the whole herd were on the move, walking off in Indian file,

and disappeared into a wooded glen in the mountain. This was just what we wanted, as it would have been impossible to approach them in their former position.

We then made a long detour in order to get them to windward of us, and were crawling along on hands and knees, approaching the glen with the greatest caution, when one of the party looked up. We imitated his example, and on the top of a peak rather behind us saw the whole herd staring at us, evidently in the greatest astonishment as to what we could be about. On our turning round the herd again moved off, and all we could then do was to jump on our horses and endeavour to cut them off as they crossed a deep ravine on the far side of the mountain. Ere we reached it most of the band had got across and were entering a thick pine forest on the other side. We let drive into the lot at about five hundred yards distance. The only visible effect of the bullets was to break a leg of one of the hindmost elks. Some of the party started after it and soon disappeared in the forest. The rest of us dismounted,

and having found a place where we were a little sheltered from the bitter cold wind which drove the snow into our faces, we proceeded to drink some whiskey and snow, and curse our luck at not having killed more of the herd.

As we were thus occupied, I happened to look towards a belt of quaking aspen trees, about two hundred yards off, and between me and the trees I saw the head and antlers of a magnificent old elk staring fixedly at us, and being to windward, uncertain whether we were dangerous or not. As quickly as possible I got my rifle up to my shoulder, and taking aim, an ounce of lead through the heart was the reward of the old animal's curiosity. He had a most magnificent head; but, much to my regret, we were unable to take it with us, as the horses were tired, and we had still twenty-five miles more to march to camp over a very difficult country with an indistinct trail.

It was near sunset before the rest of the party joined us, with some of the meat of the elk strapped on their saddles. We resumed our journey, therefore, with the disagreeable alternative of either

attempting to reach camp in the dark, or of spending the night on the mountain side without tents or wraps. Choosing the former as the least of the two evils, we entered the forest which clothes the summit of the pass. The trail, not having been used lately, was rendered almost impassable by the number of fallen trees with which the ground was covered, and it was with the greatest difficulty that we forced our tired horses to scramble over the huge trunks which opposed our progress. The trees grew so close together that our clothes and hands were torn by the branches as we struggled through, and two of the party got very nasty falls, one horse slipping up in the snow while scrambling over a fallen trunk, and throwing his rider against a tree, and the other sinking up to his head in a salt swamp, out of which he was pulled with great difficulty by his rider. At last we got to the top of the pass, and descending a short distance on the other side, came out on to the grassy slopes at the bottom of which flows Pass Creek, dividing Elk Mountain from the rest of the Medicine Bow range.

While descending these slopes thinly covered with snow, daylight entirely failed us, and we were suddenly brought to a stand-still by finding ourselves on the brink of a perpendicular precipice, at the bottom of which we could hear the river rushing along. Following along the edge of the high bank, we at last found a game track leading down to the bed of the river. On our arrival there, the next difficulty was to find out where we could ford the stream. After we had given a good deal of consideration to the subject, some one suggested that we should fire the long dry grass and bushes which grew in the bottom. This we accordingly did, and lost no time in putting the river between us and the fire, which, driven by a strong wind, soon burned up furiously, and lit up the country for miles round.

After crossing the creek we continued along the banks through a deep canôn between Elk Mountain and the main ridge. Stumbling along in the dark, hour after hour, frequently straying from the trail and then again striking it, we were at last rejoiced by the distant gleam of the camp fires

and by the sound of the shots which were fired to attract us in case we should not see the flame.

It was past ten when we reached our tents, having been fourteen hours on horseback. In camp we learnt that the waggon party had met a hunter who told them that, three days previously, a war-party of Indians had surprised and scalped seven unfortunate Rancheros, who were feeding their cattle on the slopes of Elk Mountain, and were rash enough to have only one revolver among them. The Indians had since gone north, and were supposed to have designs of upsetting the train on the Union Pacific Railway.

It is extraordinary how soon, when hunting on the plains or in the mountains, one comes to note any little thing which could possibly be caused by human agency. A bird rising up from a distant river, game disturbed without apparent cause, the faintest trail of man or horse, or the thinnest smoke curling up from creek or canôn, are all watched for with the greatest care by the hunter. It becomes his nature to scan earnestly the horizon, and instantly to detect the slightest "sign," know-

ing well that it is a hundred to one that every human being he meets will be an Indian enemy, who, with bow and scalping-knife, will punish the trespasser on his hunting-grounds.

To his keenness of sight and indomitable bravery, backed up by promptitude of action and unerring skill with his rifle, the solitary hunter or trapper again and again owes his life. From the nearest "post," the hardy hunter sets out, sometimes alone, with his horse or mule and rifle; or more usually, as the Indians are now so troublesome, with four or five companions. Seeking the best hunting-grounds in the mountains, they form a camp there until they have secured a good bundle of antelope, deer, and elk skins, with occasional bear and mountain sheep, with which they return to the posts and sell them to the merchants who supply the markets in New York and London. Beaver, which in the days of beaver hats, was worth three or four dollars a pound, is now sold for fifty cents, equal to one and sixpence of our money per pound, and consequently hardly repays the trapper for the labour and time occupied in catching them.

Hence beaver have increased greatly in number, and most of the streams I met in the Rocky Mountains swarmed with them, often making us go ten miles out of our way before we could cross their dams. For the antelope and buck skins, however, the hunters were obtaining pretty good prices.

Great tall sinewy fellows were the mountain hunters whom I met. A fringed hunting-shirt of buckskin, with homespun trousers tucked into stout hunting-boots reaching nearly to the knee, or buckskin breeches and mocassins, formed their usual dress. A couple of revolvers and a knife in a belt, with a heavy single rifle of rather small bore, served them for weapons of offence and defence; it being about even chance in which capacity they might have to use them. Many a glass of whiskey I drank to the health of these bearded Nimrods; each of us addressing to the other the Indian salutation of "howgh," as we swallowed the fiery liquid.

One of the best known names in the West is that of the old hunter and scout named Bridger. He is now nearly ninety years of age, and was the first

white man who ever traversed many of the best known passes and hunting-grounds in the Rocky Mountains. To him are attributed more quaint sayings and strange adventures than to any other of the Western pioneers. He claims to be the man who discovered a petrified forest near the Black Hills, where, according to him, on the petrified trees sat petrified birds singing petrified songs.

Being once asked how many years he had hunted in the mountains, he pointed to Pike's Peak, one of the highest in the Rocky Mountain range, and replied, "Yes, sirree, when I first came to this country, that there peak was a hollow in the ground." I was told he entertains a most cordial hatred for the Britishers, though I never heard any reason assigned for what I believe to be a most exceptional feeling on his part. Certainly, as far as I could judge, the Western people generally are extremely friendly to our countrymen, and in their own rough fashion are quite as ready to welcome them as their own more civilised companions in the settled States.

CHAPTER XII.

FORT STEEL—RESULT OF OUR SPORTING EXPEDITION—HUTS OF THE SOLDIERS—"CITY" OF BENTON—WESTERN RUFFIANS—THE RAILWAY IN THE FAR WEST—DISCOVERY OF COAL—BRYANT—WELLS, FARGO, AND CO.'S STAGE COACHES—DISAGREEABLE TRAVELLING—THE MAIL-BAGS IN THE FAR WEST—DISASTER TO OUR VEHICLE—FORT BRIDGER—CURIOUS DISCUSSION—A MUD WAGGON—ANOTHER COACH DISASTER—BEAR RIVER STATION—ECHO CANÔN—OGDEN CITY.

THE following morning, as we had only fifteen miles to ride into Fort Steel, we did not hurry our breakfast, but started about 9 A.M., having done full justice to the elk steaks and antelope chops which formed part of our meal. Close to camp I picked up a gopher, which had stuffed its pouch so full of long pieces of grass that it could not run away, and put it into an empty bucket which hung under one of the waggons, where it met with a watery grave while fording the Platte River.

Striking across the plain from the foot of Elk Mountain, we presently crossed the trail of the old

waggon road from Denver to Salt Lake, and some miles farther reached the North Platte, which we forded. We then found ourselves at an outpost in the desert, known as Fort Steel. Some companies of the 30th Infantry stationed there gave us a hearty welcome, and we were soon seated at dinner in the tent of General Stevenson, the colonel commanding the regiment.

From Fort Steel our party were bound West to Salt Lake, while the General and Colonel returned to Fort Saunders by rail, sending the waggons and the rest of the officers and soldiers back by road. On their way back they were lucky enough to fall in with a band of seventy elk, out of which they managed to kill thirteen. On our expedition we had been particularly unfortunate in the way of elk, having only killed three; of antelope we got forty, black-tailed deer fifteen, mountain sheep one, with sage hens, grouse, and hares for small game.

Fort Steel is a wretched outpost on the banks of the Platte, one mile from Benton, a station on the Union Pacific Railway, and a hundred and thirty

miles west of Fort Saunders. It is perhaps situated in a better hunting neighbourhood than the latter fort, being only fifteen miles from Elk Mountain and the fine hunting grounds around it. Most of the troops were under canvas, and great activity in the building line was displayed, as huts were being erected, which they were endeavouring to finish before the most severe part of the winter set in.

At Fort Steel not only have the troops to build their own houses, but also to furnish them. The soldiers' beds were certainly an ingenious device to get many men into as small a space as possible. They are made on the most simple plan. Three tiers of wooden shelves are supported by four stout wooden posts, each shelf being seven feet long by four broad. On each shelf was placed a mattress, on which slept a soldier under the grey blankets issued by the United States government to the troops. On some of the shelves, which were wider than the others, two soldiers slept instead of one.

These soldiers, though all belonging to one of the ordinary regiments of the line, were working as

masons, carpenters, engineers, wood-cutters, and teamsters; in fact at every conceivable occupation necessary to build, furnish, and fortify quarters for five hundred men. Certainly neither officers nor men appeared much to fancy the work, but they had only the choice of remaining all through the terribly severe winter under canvas, or building houses for themselves to live in. The site of the post had only been fixed on during the summer, and every exertion was being made to finish it before the winter, which was already setting in.

The neighbouring station and "city" of Benton is inhabited by a more lawless set of ruffians than even Laramie, and neither soldiers nor officers dared venture among them unless armed with revolver and bowie knife. The hospitable gentleman who kept the large general store and canteen close to the camp insisted on our going over to see him in the evening, and then plied us with such a number of whisky cocktails that I hardly knew whether I was standing on my head or my heels when we left his store. After filling my pockets with cigars, he, and two or three great bearded hunters who

dropped in during the evening, told such wonderful tales of encounters with bears and panthers, that the few hours' sleep I had time to indulge in was considerably disturbed by dreams of gigantic grizzly bears charging up to the very muzzle of my rifle.

As the Western train was due to leave at 3 A.M., that hour of Friday morning found me standing by the bridge across the Platte impatiently awaiting the train. As there was a sharp frost, and no train appeared, I knocked at the door and entered the house of the bridge-keeper, whose duty it was to see that the locomotives did not set the bridge on fire when crossing over it. I found that official sitting over a comfortable stove, to the benefit of which he made me welcome. We lit our pipes and sat in momentary expectation of hearing the whistle of the engine. Meanwhile the hours passed by and no train appeared. I learnt, however, from my friend that three days previously the Indians had burnt a bridge near Alkali station, and thrown the cars off the track, in consequence of which only one train had passed West since. Speculating on what

misfortune might be delaying the train, we talked and dozed till daylight, when the wife appeared and soon put an excellent breakfast on the table. It was not until past 10 o'clock that we heard the whistle of the engine, when I took leave of my host, and jumped on board the cars as the train passed slowly over the bridge. From the conductor I learnt that the cause of delay was not this time "the Indians," but the engine of a preceding luggage train running off the track, a very common occurrence in this country.

The same dreary plains stretched away on either side of the line as far as Bryant, the farthest point west to which the Union Pacific Railway is yet opened, an extent of nearly nine hundred miles of road. Fortunately for the Company they have discovered enormous beds of coal in the Laramie Plains, and in the mountains at the West. Though the coal appears to crumble on being exposed to the air, it is used for the locomotives, and is said to answer the purpose well. Reaching Bryant about 10 P.M., we there gave up the free pass "to the end of the track," which had been kindly given us

by the President of the Union Pacific Railway Company.

As porters are an unknown convenience at Bryant, I had to shoulder my portmanteau and the rest of my traps, and trudge off through the snow to the office of Messrs. Wells, Fargo, & Co.'s stage-coaches, in which we were to perform the rest of the distance to Salt Lake City, about a hundred and eighty miles.

These coaches are made to hold nine people inside, three on each of the front and back seats, and three in the centre; and as there is just room for four to sit comfortably, the sufferings of the unfortunate nine—when that number are crammed into the inconvenient vehicle—can only be understood by those who have endured the torture. The body of the coach is hung on leather springs; and the wheels and under-carriage are built very strong, to stand the horrible road, or track, over which they have to run. The lumbering machine is drawn by six horses, which are changed about every twelve miles. Four miles an hour, including stoppages, is the average pace at which one has to

perform a journey of over six hundred miles. In the coach in which I was, six passengers were crowded together with a lot of mail-bags and heavy packages of goods, which occupied the whole of the back seat and most of the floor of the vehicle. These were the cause of many bitter execrations from us unfortunates, as we vainly strove to stretch a limb or get into a more easy position, while we jolted along over the hills, rivers, and swamps.

The snow, which had been falling for the last twenty-four hours, now lay so thick on the ground that the horses could not pull their load up the hills. We had therefore to get out and walk through it, though it soaked through our boots. It even clung to our eyelashes and beards, while the cold was so intense that, on re-entering the coach, our feet and faces became covered with ice, and had to be constantly rubbed to save them from being frost-bitten.

While walking up one of the hills we discovered the contents of a mail-bag scattered about on the snow, and though I picked up some letters and took them on to the next station, nobody else

troubled himself about them, and I was told it was an affair of frequent occurrence.

About 3 A.M. the coach was stopped, and our driver informed us that he "guessed we had better walk," as there was a swamp to cross in which the coach would probably stick or upset. So out we got, and waded through the bog, sinking up to our knees in mud and snow. The six horses and coach plunged in after us; but, besides the poor animals, there emerged only the front wheels of the vehicle, the body and hind wheels remaining firmly stuck in the mud. We had, consequently, to wade back into the swamp and unload the coach before we could extricate it, a fearfully cold operation, in which we spent the best part of two hours. At last, however, our first night of misery in a stage-coach came to an end, and about 8 A.M. on Saturday, the 7th, we reached the military outpost of Fort Bridger, on the borders of Wyoming and Utah.

Though I was cold, wet, dirty, and travel-stained, and altogether in appearance most unlike "an officer and a gentleman," I was most hospitably

received by the officers of the 36th infantry stationed at the fort. There I got a wash, my clothes dried, and a good breakfast, and altogether was much better off than my fellow-passengers, who could only procure bad bread and worse coffee at the miserable ranche where the coach-horses were kept.

On returning to the coach I found a lively discussion going on. The cause of it was that only one machine was available in which to continue the journey, while two coach-loads of passengers had arrived from Bryant. It was, therefore, evident that one coach-load must remain behind at this horrible station, and loud was the dispute as to who should submit to this disagreeable alternative. It was at last decided that the passengers of the coach which had first arrived should be sent on, together with the mail-bags; and as I was among the lucky ones, seven of us packed ourselves into our new instrument of torture, and started off amid the loud curses of those who were left behind.

When bad weather, in the shape of rain or snow, renders the country impassable for the heavy

coaches, a lighter vehicle, which is called a mud-waggon, is substituted. It consists of a wooden body, mounted on strong leather springs, covered at the top and sides with canvas, which is rolled up during the day and let down at night, serving as windows and door, but utterly insufficient to keep out the bitter blasts which sweep across these desert plains and mountains.

From the fort the descent is rapid; but we could see no change in the aspect of the country. Only the tops of the sage bushes and a few stunted pines and rocks appeared above the white mantle of snow which covered the whole face of the land.

We got on safely, though slowly, during the day-time, and sundown found us toiling along through a muddy creek, beyond which, as the darkness of a stormy moonless night closed in upon us, our driver informed us we should probably have to pull up and wait for daylight.

Crawling along very cautiously we presently came on the coach which had started twelve hours before us from Fort Bridger. It lay on its side nearly buried in snow, having slid down into a

swamp which lay below the road. The passengers and horses were standing near, waiting for some assistance to get their waggon out of the bog. By the help of all our united exertions we got the coach up on the firm ground again, and continued our journey in company.

The proverb assures us that misfortunes never come singly, and accordingly our turn came next. When going along a rough mountain-side called Quaking Asp, the wheels slid off the path on the frozen snow, and tilted us over into a deep snow-drift which broke our fall. Another long delay was the consequence, and only tremendous efforts on the part of horses and men set us once more right end uppermost, and in a position to resume our journey.

It was 4 A.M. on Sunday morning before we reached Bear River Station, kept by a Mormon. Here quite a town was springing up, composed of labourers on the Union Pacific Railway, and the usual publicans, gamblers, and roughs who serve as a sort of vanguard to the railroad as it advances. Beyond Bear River we found an encampment of

twenty or thirty teamsters—Bull-whackers they are called—who were taking a number of waggons laden with merchandise to Salt Lake City. From them we learnt that the bridge over the river close by had been broken by the ice, and that it would be madness to attempt to cross it in the dark. Our driver, however, determined to judge for himself as to the practicability of getting over it. So we descended from the waggon and crossed the bridge on foot. Several planks of the wooden structure had been washed away, and the remainder shook and groaned as the ice struck the piers. The water was already level with the planks, which were slippery with ice and frozen snow, notwithstanding which, our driver, whipping up his horses, went at it at a gallop and got safely across.

Echo Canôn, through which we passed by daylight, is a deep ravine where the rocks rise up some fifteen hundred feet on either side, sometimes in a sheer precipice, and sometimes assuming the most fantastic shapes. At the farther end of it we got a good dinner at a comfortable station, called Echo City, beyond which appeared the first signs of cultiva-

tion we had seen for weeks, in the shape of rude gardens and cornfields enclosed by wooden fences. Farther on we passed the station called Ogden City, which, it has been decided, is to be the terminus or junction of the Union Pacific and the Central Pacific Railways, as well as of the Salt Lake City and Montana roads. Ogden is but forty miles from the Mormon capital, and is the nearest point to which the main line of the Great Inter-Oceanic Railway will pass. Darkness had again closed in before we reached the long steep canôn which leads into the Valley of Salt Lake, and it was not until midnight that we drew up at the Townsend House in the famous city of the Saints.

CHAPTER XIII.

SALT LAKE CITY—VIEW FROM CAMP DOUGLAS—THE GREAT SALT LAKE AND THE DEAD SEA—DIVISIONS AND GOVERNMENT OF THE CITY—INTERVIEW WITH BRIGHAM YOUNG—THE SULPHUR SPRINGS—THE THEATRE—MORMON WOMEN—SEPARATE HAREMS—FAVOURITE OCCUPATION—STRANGERS AT SALT LAKE—THE TABERNACLE—THE PRISON—NATIVE WINE—UTAH—ELDER JOHN TAYLOR'S ACCOUNT OF HIS CONVERSION.

Monday 9th. Having arrived during the night, my first impressions of Salt Lake city were derived from the balcony of the hotel. From there I could only see a broad street shaded by acacia and cotton-wood trees, with a stream of fresh water running at each side, and one or two houses enclosed by orchards. Above the trees rose the beautiful snowy peaks of the Wahsatch Mountains, while the sun shone brightly, and the air felt warm and soft, after the rigorous climate of the elevated regions over which we had been travelling. It is, no doubt, owing to the dangers and difficulties of the journey,

and the bleak and sterile aspect of the plains and mountains which the traveller has to cross before reaching Salt Lake, that such a high opinion is generally formed of the Mormon city.

From Camp Douglas, two miles distant, where some companies of United States troops are kept to look after the Saints, the view is undeniably lovely, reminding one strongly of Damascus as seen from the slopes of Anti-Libanon.

The city is built at the foot of the great snowy range of the Wahsatch Mountains, which with the Oquirr Mountains, form a circle round the plain, or valley as it is called, of Salt Lake. Through the plain flows the Jordan River, uniting the fresh waters of Utah Lake with the briny waters of the Great Salt Lake. The latter lake is fifteen miles from the city, and is about one hundred miles long by sixty broad. The water, when evaporated, yields about one barrel of salt to three barrels of water, and is said to be so buoyant that it is impossible for the human body to sink below the waist,—a property which I have proved by experience to be shared by the waters of the Dead Sea;

though the vivid recollection of the way in which my skin smarted after bathing in it prevented me from trying the experiment in Salt Lake. The two lakes have another point in common; each of them has a good sized river flowing into it, while no water flows out of one or the other. Salt Lake is, however, over four thousand feet above the sea, while the Dead Sea is two thousand feet below the level of the Mediterranean.

From the lake rise two mountain islands, which, though many miles from the main land, seem almost to join the surrounding mountains.

The Mormon inhabitants of Salt Lake Valley are looked upon by the Yankees as very little better than the original inhabitants of Sodom and Gomorrah, and should a similar fate overtake them, it would at least relieve the American government from a serious difficulty.

The city contains a population of over twenty-thousand inhabitants, and covers an area of about nine miles. The streets run in straight lines, east and west, north and south, dividing the city into squares of equal size. Fresh water flows through

nearly every street, and the sides are shaded by fine trees. Almost every house is situated in its own little orchard of peach and other fruit trees, giving Salt Lake city an appearance different from that of any other town I have ever seen.

In Maine Street are all the large Gentile stores, banks, and hotels, and a large and increasing trade is carried on. The proprietor of one of the chief stores informed us that his annual sales amounted to more than a million dollars. At the Salt Lake Hotel in this street the Gentiles have succeeded in establishing a bar, which is the only public place where spirits can be drunk. At the other hotels, tea and coffee alone are procurable, and are consumed at breakfast, dinner, and supper. The absence of gambling saloons and drinking shops, with the quiet and orderly aspect of the place and people, strikes one forcibly as a wonderful contrast to the attractive bars and gambling establishments, with the hard-drinking gamblers and dissolute ruffians who inhabit the other cities of the plains and make them perfect Pandemonia.

The city is divided into wards and sections, each

of which is under the direct supervision of Bishops. Under them are two Councillors and Teachers, part of whose business is to look after the welfare of every family in their several districts, and report to Brigham Young, to enable him to know the exact condition of every Mormon family in the city.

One of our first acts was to call on Brigham Young, "The President," as he is always styled. A high and roughly-built wall, originally erected as a protection against the hostile Indians, surrounds the enclosure containing the President's private residence, offices, and houses in which reside the greater number of his wives and children. Having handed our cards to a secretary, he took them into another room, and presently returned to say that the President would receive us at once. On our being shown into the room, he advanced and shook hands with us, and then requesting us to be seated, conversed about our journey and the progress of the railway, for some portion of which he is himself contractor.

Brigham Young is now sixty-eight years of age,

and looks fully ten years younger. In appearance he resembles an English farmer or provincial tradesman, and has a broad face and honest countenance. He must possess the greatest tact and executive ability, as his power is supreme and unhesitatingly obeyed, though he is now only head of the church, and no longer governor of the territory, both of which offices he formerly held.

After visiting the President, we drove to the sulphur springs, about a mile outside the town, where the water bubbles out of the side of the mountain at a temperature of 110 degrees Fahr., and is conducted into a large swimming-bath, into which, notwithstanding the horrible smell of sulphur, we at once plunged. We enjoyed the warm sulphurous water immensely. The aches and rheumatics contracted in the waggon journey of the last three days were considerably relieved by the bath.

The theatre, to which we went in the evening, is a fine building, capable of holding eighteen hundred people. In the stalls below us were the principal elders and other Mormons with their wives and

children. In the centre of the pit was placed a rocking-chair, which is sometimes occupied by Brigham Young. On this night he was seated in his private box in the proscenium, the opposite box being reserved for the use of the actresses when not engaged on the stage. The piece represented was "The First Night," in which one of Young's daughters took part. A number of his children were in the house, and if he has to pay for their admission, it must come rather expensive—taking forty-eight children to the play. He is, however, a very wealthy man, and is not likely to add any more to his family, as he has had no children for the last two years, although married to several new wives in that time.

Tuesday, 10th. The owner of our hotel, being a Mormon, is master of three wives,—one old, one middle-aged, and one young. Number two attended at dinner, and was very obliging and anxious to make us comfortable. In a town where nearly every woman is married as soon as grown up, and where any infraction of the seventh commandment on the part of a Gentile and a Mormon woman,

is punished by the death of the former, it is perhaps fortunate that the women should be in general remarkably plain, both in looks and dress. They have also a subdued air about them, and a way of looking down, as though ashamed of themselves. They do not appear to be treated by the men as at all equals, but rather as beings whose duty it is to serve their husbands, and add to the population as many little Mormons as possible. Nearly every woman I met in the streets had either a baby in her arms, or was in an interesting situation. None of the women I saw at Salt Lake appeared to belong to the rank of those whom we call in England "ladies." Neither male nor female Saints were apparently above the middle class.

In the peach gardens which surround each house, there may sometimes be observed a collection of three or four separate small houses. These belong to the Mormons who prefer to keep their harems separate,—a house for each wife. Others keep all their wives in one house; but I was told that their lords and masters are in general careful to treat them all impartially and so equally divide their

affections among old and young as to avoid all occasions for jealousy.

A favourite occupation of the Mormon women appears to be embroidering gloves, much in the style of the Indian work so common in Canada. Beaver skin is fastened on to the end of some of the gloves, thus making a handsome pair of gauntlets. Many of the principal stores are kept by Jews, who here, by a strange perversion of names, come to be called Gentiles. In one of these stores I found a number of beaver skins just brought in by some Utah Indians. I purchased a large number of them at the small price of 50 cents (1*s.* 6*d.*) per pound, and have brought them home to London, where I find they are worth from 30*s.* to 40*s.* per pound. It is not, however, always possible to get skins, as they are generally packed off to New York as soon as purchased from the Indians.

In reference to the above purchases, it may also be remarked that Salt Lake is the last city, in the journey across the continent to the Pacific, where United States notes are received as currency. Local

notes, bearing the same value as greenbacks, are issued at Salt Lake city, and gold coins, bearing the impression of the All-seeing eye, or two hands clasped, were formerly coined, but are now becoming scarce. West of Salt Lake city, a paper dollar is only considered worth seventy-five cents, and in Nevada and California gold and silver are the only currency.

A paragraph appeared in the "Deseret News," the religious paper of the Mormons, which said that the editor had been favoured with a visit from us, and that we and all "gentlemen" were thoroughly welcome to Salt Lake city; from which it would appear that they don't so much object to Gentile strangers as is commonly supposed, as long as the visitors mind their own business, and leave that of the "Saints" alone.

The Tabernacle, which we visited in the course of the day, is a huge hideous structure, capable of containing fifteen thousand persons. It is two hundred and thirty-two feet long by one hundred and thirty-two feet wide inside the walls, and is surmounted by an enormous wooden dome. The

outside span of the centre arch is a hundred and fifty feet, and from the top a noble view is obtained over the city and surrounding country. Inside the Tabernacle, an immense organ is being erected by Mormon workmen, and in front of the instrument, raised on a platform above the body of the building, are the seats of Brigham Young, the Bishops and Apostles. The body and gallery are occupied by hard wooden benches, on which the rest of the congregation sit.

Outside the Tabernacle are the old Tabernacle, in which service is held in winter, and the Endowment House, in which the Mormon converts are initiated into the solemn rites of their religion. Within the same enclosure are the foundations of the magnificent temple which they have been seven years building. These are as yet only level with the ground. The length of the building is to be a hundred and eighty-seven feet, and its breadth a hundred and nineteen. There are to be three towers at each end. The height of the main building will be a hundred feet, and that of the highest towers two hundred feet. If the original plan shown to us be

carried out, the building will resemble a handsome Christian cathedral.

Next day we went over some of the principal public buildings, including the court-house and prison, where about a dozen Gentile horse-thieves were confined. An unfortunate lunatic, whose only covering was a blanket thrown round his shoulders, kept moaning "I want to be free, I want to be free." We were then shown over the cellars belonging to the corporation, where we tasted some of the wine of the country, which was sweet and not unpalatable. Brigham Young encourages the cultivation of the grape, and is now endeavouring to promote the culture of the silk-worm, in order that the Mormons may themselves manufacture silk in course of time. Cotton is grown in Southern Utah, which has water carriage to the Gulf of California by the navigable waters of the Colorado river. Utah has already more than sufficient population to become a State, but the question of the plurality of wives interferes with their desire to enter the Union; and the general idea in the States seems to be that Young will have

a divine revelation limiting the number of wives to one, otherwise, a Yankee remarked to me, he "guessed Brigham Young will have to move on."

Elder John Taylor "of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints," has given the following account of what convinced him of the truth of Mormonism, and upon what evidence he believed the book of Mormon;—

"I was living in the city of Toronto, Upper Canada. I was associated with a number of gentlemen in searching the Scriptures . . . we had continued diligently at this for two years . . . We gathered from the Scriptures many important truths —we believed in the gathering of Israel and of the ten tribes; we believed that Jesus would come to reign personally on the earth; we gathered from Scripture that just judgment would overtake the churches of the world because of their iniquity. We believed that the gospel which was preached by the apostles was true, that any departure from that was a departure from the order of God, and that churches having thus departed were consequently corrupt and fallen. We believed that there ought

to be apostles, prophets, evangelists, pastors, and teachers, as in former days; and that the gifts of healing and the power of God ought to be associated with the church . . . We asked our Heavenly Father to show us the truth, and we fasted and prayed that if God had a true church on earth He would send us a messenger. About this time Parley P. Pratt called on me with a letter of introduction from a merchant of my acquaintance. I thought my friend had imposed upon me a little in sending a man of this persuasion to me. I, however, received him courteously, as I was bound to do. We talked for three hours or upwards, and he bound me as close to the Scriptures as I desired, proving everything he said therefrom. I afterwards wrote down eight sermons that he preached, in order that I might compare them with the word of God. I found nothing contrary. I then examined the book of Mormon and the prophecies concerning it. That was also correct. I read the book of 'Doctrines and Covenants,' and found nothing unscriptural there. He called upon us to repent, and be baptised for the remission of sins, and we should

receive the Holy Ghost. 'But what is that?' we inquired. 'The same,' he answered, 'as it was in the apostles' days, or nothing.' A number of others, and myself, were baptised; we realised those blessings according to his word; the gifts and power of God were in the church, the gift of tongues and prophecy; the sick were healed, and we rejoiced in the blessings and gifts of the Holy Ghost. I believed in the book of Mormon: 1st, Because of its agreement with Scripture; 2ndly, The testimony of Scripture concerning it; 3rdly, The testimony of other witnesses, which I will read."

Mr. Taylor then read the testimony of the three and of the eight witnesses, which are printed in the first page of the Book of Mormon.

Though I think that an educated Christian can look on the Mormon religious system as nothing but falsehood, blasphemy, and the grossest immorality, yet still the impression left on my mind by what I saw and heard in Utah was that the Mormons are either far superior to their system, or that their system is not so badly adapted to a country where the immense numbers of children which a

man may obtain by a plurality of wives, are literally as "arrows in the hand of a giant," and where the man is happy "who has his quiver full of them." No anxiety as to their future need oppress him, where millions of acres of land now lying desolate wait but the labour of man to make them a fruitful garden; and where the greater the number of believers born, the less will they be ashamed "to speak with their enemies in the gate." The sobriety, industry, and perseverance shown by the Mormons have met with the success these qualities must ever command; and I think that Brigham Young may well be excused if he quotes the words of Scripture, "By their fruits ye shall know them,"—and then points to the undoubted success of Mormon faith and works in Utah.

Among the Indians the Mormons appear to have made but few converts, and I saw but one, a Shoshone, who professed their faith. Though the real government is a pure theocracy, the legal form is the same as that of the other territories of the Union. The delegate to Congress, Mr. Hooper, to whom we brought letters of introduction, is the

husband of only one wife, and is elected by universal suffrage. The legislative assembly has, however, made several local laws, adopting, as far as it could, the code drawn up by the provisional state of Deseret; and all its acts, resolutions, and memorials are published annually.

The advance of the Union Pacific Railway has enormously increased the number of Gentile residents and visitors to Salt Lake, and many of the principal stores are now held by them.

An anti-Mormon newspaper has been established by Yankee unbelievers at Salt Lake city. The editor informed us that no active steps had been taken by the Mormon leaders against him—the fate of Joseph Smith, after repressing the anti-Mormon paper at Nauvoo, no doubt being a warning to Brigham Young. The present number of Mormons is supposed to be about two hundred thousand.

Coal and iron are found in Utah, and in the southern part of the territory, at a Mormon colony called Cedar city, the foundations of fine buildings have been discovered, and broken pieces of pottery

enamelled with brilliant colours, showing traces of the ancient Aztec race. On the rocks of the Wahsatch range have been discovered numerous inscriptions in hieroglyphics, and other remains, showing that the country which the Mormons found a howling wilderness was once inhabited by a race of men showing signs of a high state of civilisation.

CHAPTER XIV.

START FOR SAN FRANCISCO—THE SHORES OF SALT LAKE—STOCKTON—A FAIR MORMON—STOCKTON LAKE—THE GREAT AMERICAN DESERT—CHARACTER OF THE COUNTRY, INHABITANTS AND CLIMATE—DEEP CREEK—METEORIC SHOWER—RUBY VALLEY—DIAMOND MOUNTAIN—WHITE PINE—AUSTIN—A RUSH TO THE SILVER MINES OF NEVADA—CURIOUS ATMOSPHERICAL ILLUSION—TERMINUS OF CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD—ROUGHS IN THE CARS—SUNRISE IN THE SIERRA NEVADA MOUNTAINS.

THURSDAY, 12TH. Seven A.M. found eight of us packed once more into the odious mud-waggon bound for California, a journey of about five hundred miles by waggon, and five hundred more by rail or steamboat down the Sacramento River to San Francisco.

Three or four hours across the plain, along a muddy road with rude bridges, brought us to the borders of the Salt Lake. On each side were corn-fields or pasture lands enclosed with wooden palings. The view from the road which winds

along the southern shore of the lake was magnificent. Behind us lay the city nestling among its orchards. On the right stretched the blue and sparkling waters of the lake, bordered by a chain of snow-capped mountains gradually melting away into the hazy distance. On the northern horizon of the lake two snowy peaks just appeared above the water, being a hundred miles distant, while on our left and in front the view was bounded by the gloomy and barren volcanic mountains through which our road lay.

After crossing the hill which shuts out the Salt Lake and valley on the south, we reached Stockton, a Mormon settlement, forty miles from the city. There we had dinner in the house of a Saint, whose young wife was the only really pretty woman I saw in Utah. She told me she was "raised" in Salt Lake City, and had never been farther from home than Stockton. She had undisputed possession of her husband, being his only wife, and was engaged in the usual occupation of the female Mormons, that of nursing a baby, while another, about a year old, squalled in a cradle beside her.

After leaving Stockton we passed along the shore of a small fresh-water lake, where a still at work showed that the Saints indulge in the manufacture of whisky, even though they may not drink it. The surface of the lake was covered with wild ducks and geese, so that I should think a sportsman would be well repaid for staying a couple of days at Stockton.

Beyond the lake we entered on the horrid, dreary country constituting the Great American Desert. The mountains are composed of black volcanic rocks, resembling lava, which assume the most extraordinary shapes. Not a tree or shrub is seen on the hills, while the ground is covered with loose stones, through which spring up a few stunted sage bushes. The water, appearing here and there in swampy pools, is impregnated with alkali, which renders it unfit for man or beast, and covers the plains with a white crust. The deserts of Africa or Asia present no more forbidding aspect, nor amongst Bedouin Arabs or African Negroes have I ever seen such hideous and degraded-looking savages as were some of the Utahs,

Pahutahs, Shoshones, and Diggers, tribes of Indians who inhabit this country, and of whom we met numbers wandering about the plains and mountains. The plain often appeared to be bordered by a lake, showing in its cool-looking waters the reflection of the mountains, and apparently dotted with islands, which ever receding as we advanced, at last convinced us we had been deceived by that delusion of the desert, the mirage.

From the Salt Lake in Utah to the Sierra Nevada Mountains in California, the country presents a succession of highly-elevated plains and valleys, intersected by ranges of mountains running from north to south. The only timber consists of a few stunted cedars, pines, and the sage bush, and the only water of a few streams and swamps, without drainage to the sea. In the day-time the climate is hot, the sun shining down from a cloudless sky. At night, when we crossed the plains, a bitter cold wind swept down from the snow-clad mountains, and a sharp frost, freezing up every pool, stream, and swamp, made the slightest exposure of face or hands outside the

buffalo robes in which we were wrapped almost unbearable.

Friday night brought us to Deep Creek, a good-sized ranche with farm-buildings and stables, built in an oval-shaped enclosure, the entrance on either side being protected by a stout gate. There we witnessed to perfection the wonderful meteoric shower which occurred on that night. The sky was cloudless, while no moon interfered with the brilliancy of the meteors, which kept darting across the dark blue firmament, each one producing a blaze of light nearly as bright as a flash of lightning, marking distinctly our shadows on the ground as we stood looking at the magnificent spectacle.

Saturday found us at Ruby Valley, where, in a small stream which flows by the station, small reddish purple stones are found, which looked to me like garnets, but are called rubies by the Rancheros who find them, and who have given the same name to the valley.

After leaving the ranche we commenced the ascent of a fine snowy range called Diamond Mountains. An awfully steep acclivity, up which

we had to walk, the six horses being barely able to pull up the empty waggon, brought us to the summit, where we found a number of Californian newspapers scattered along the road, which had been dropped from one of the mail-waggons bound East.

At Diamond Springs, on the western side of the mountains, we found great excitement amongst a crowd of diggers collected at the station, about the silver just discovered at White Pine, a mountain about forty miles from the Springs. The silver ore discovered there is said to be so rich that when crushed it yields seven thousand dollars per ton. In the specimens shown to me the silver was so pure and soft that it could be cut easily with a knife. The stone it is found in is a limestone, but as soft and friable as sand. All who have visited the mines declare them to be the richest discovery ever made in America. They are situated on the summit of a mountain ten thousand feet above the level of the sea, and as the winter is very severe at that altitude, and ten feet of snow is not an unusual occurrence, very little mining can be done

this season, and great hardship must be endured by those who attempt to spend the winter there. However a regular rush to the mines had set in, and along the road we were continually meeting rough, bearded, and gaunt-looking men making their way in every conceivable manner up to the new El Dorado, if we may so call a land rich in silver. Some trudged along on foot, looking weary and dirty, with a small pack slung to a stick carried over the shoulders. Others more fortunate were mounted on stout, wicked-looking mustangs, or crammed in waggons, carts, and stages. Long strings of heavily-laden waggons, drawn by teams of twelve or fourteen oxen, conveying stores for White Pine, everywhere blocked up the narrow track which did duty for a road, and were the occasion of deep curses from our driver when endeavouring to pass them. We unfortunate passengers heartily joined in his execrations as we plunged into the deep ruts made by the waggon-wheels, or were nearly smothered in the dust which rose in clouds under the feet of the passing oxen.

Sunday morning brought us to Austin, one of

the mining towns of Nevada, where we determined to spend a day and see something of the silver mines and miners. The town is situated in the Reese River mining district, and is built along the side of a canôn, at an elevation of six thousand feet above the sea. It consists of one long street, with a few miners' huts and lodging-houses, and a couple of churches, lying above the main thoroughfare. It contains a population of somewhat over four thousand, apparently belonging to every nation under the sun. Yankee, English, Irish, German, Italian, Spanish, Mexican, and Chinese miners and store-keepers may all be seen and heard conversing in their several languages, while Shoshone, Pahutah, and Snake Indians strut about the street in all the glory of fresh paint and feathers.

Though silver was discovered in 1862, no shafts have yet been sunk to a greater depth than forty or fifty feet. A rich vein, yielding when crushed four thousand dollars to the ton, has lately been struck in one of the mines, which has given a considerable impetus to mining operations. The

mines are generally excavations in the side of the mountain, the roof of the gallery being supported by logs of the stunted red cedar, cut in the neighbouring valleys. The miner works away with his pickaxe at the limestone rock in which he finds the ore, which does not seem to be very much valued, as he will allow strangers to take away as many big blocks as they can carry.

Though it was Sunday the two crushing mills were at full work, and the constant blaze of numerous fires along the hill-side showed that day and night, week day and Sunday alike, the miners worked away, digging the silver out of the mountain. In most cases, however, they have no sooner got together a few hundred dollars than they squander it all in the drinking and gambling saloons which abound in the town. Going into one of these gaming-houses, we found it crowded with miners playing every conceivable game,—faro, vingt-et-un, poker, euker, monte, trente-et-quarante, and many others, each fellow sitting with his revolver and bowie knife before him on the table. It was curious to see great bearded ruffians

with their clothes in rags, and their faces entirely innocent of soap and water, staking large sums in silver, or twenty-dollar gold pieces, as recklessly as if they were millionaires. Many of the tables were presided over by gaudily-dressed females, who encouraged the men to gamble and drink the poisonous liquors sold at the bar. The whole place, reeking with tobacco-smoke, and resounding with the frightful oaths and curses of the gamblers, presented as veritable a hell as may be found out of the infernal regions. The keeper of one of these places, should he be lucky enough to escape being murdered, is pretty certain to make his fortune in less than a couple of years.

From the gambling-house we went up to the Methodist Church, where service was about to begin. There we found a tolerably numerous congregation, composed of some of the more respectable miners, with a few women and children. A drunken man occupied the seat behind us, where he snored so loud we could hardly hear the parson's voice. In the sermon the miners were exhorted to lay aside the ever ready revolver and bowie knife, and give

up their dreadful habits of gambling and murder. The preacher brought forward, as a warning, the fate of a man who had been hanged three days previously for shooting his brother; the rope breaking three times before the last sentence of the law was consummated on the unfortunate criminal. The recent earthquakes also were mentioned as instances of divine wrath.

Having spent the night in a miner's lodging-house in the absence of any respectable inn, the following morning we started for Argenti, about a hundred miles distant, the farthest station East to which the Central Pacific Railroad has yet been opened.

All Monday, 16th, we jolted along over the same everlasting plains and mountains, meeting numerous recruits for the silver mines of White Pine, and a good many Indians with their squaws, who carried their babies in a strange sort of reed basket strapped to their backs. We observed this day a very curious effect of the atmosphere, by which the forms of the mountain tops were altered, and made to assume all sorts of extraordinary shapes. The effect was

ever varying, the same summit sometimes appearing level and sometimes conical, or like a huge irregular castle. At other times its true shape would be seen, but the top would appear high up in the air, leaving a blank space in the centre, which seemed to divide the mountain into two.

After another night of misery, on Tuesday morning we reached Argenti, and joyfully bade farewell to the horrible stage waggons in which Messrs. Wells, Fargo and Co. had conveyed us unfortunate passengers the distance of nearly seven hundred miles between the terminus of the Union Pacific and that of the Central Pacific Railway.

Argenti is merely a station in the middle of a huge plain, through which runs the Humboldt River, and is about three hundred and thirty miles east of Sacramento. The station is surrounded by half a dozen drinking and gambling-houses, and one of our fellow-passengers, having ventured into a gambling tent, was very soon robbed of the sum of five hundred dollars in gold.

A number of Indians were idling about, selling the black-spotted trout which are caught in the

Humboldt River. I saw one of the miners give an Indian three dollars, or twelve shillings, for three little trout weighing about a pound each.

While at breakfast this morning at the station, it was my lot to be witness of one of those exciting scenes which so frequently occur in the regions of the Far West. One of the waiters drew his revolver on another who had chaffed him, and swore that he would kill him; a threat to which he would certainly have given effect, had not the owner of the refreshment rooms rushed forward and struck up his arm just as he pressed the trigger. The occurrence did not seem to excite the least astonishment among the roughs and miners who were breakfasting in the room, though, as I was sitting close to the offending waiter, I felt extremely nervous lest the bullet intended for him should hit me.

At 1 P.M. we started for Sacramento. As the train by which we went had only one car attached, we were compelled to sit down among the roughs and gamblers who crowded it. On the conductor coming round to see the tickets, one of the roughs refused to pay his fare, and drawing his revolver

dared any man to turn him out. The check-string was immediately pulled by the conductor, who soon obtained the assistance of several other stout arms, with whose aid he wrenched the revolver from the man's hand, and threw him neck-and-heels out of the door of the car on to the line, where the miscreant lay minus his weapon. On the train again proceeding, a big burly-looking fellow, who had assisted in expelling the rough, walked up to a miner who was sitting near, and accusing him of being a friend of the man who had just been thrown out, swore he would kill him. On the bystanders interfering he began to pull his coat off, saying, "Well, any way I'll lick him." At last he was prevailed on to let the inoffensive miner alone, and was carried off to the baggage car.

Amid such scenes we steamed slowly across the plains. As the day began to decline it was with anything but pleasure that I looked forward to the prospect of passing a night in such society. However I was so fatigued, that no sooner had the sun disappeared behind the mountains in a blaze of crimson light, and the purple and rose tints on the

hills and plains changed to a cold grey, than I lay down on the seat and was soon fast asleep, my rest remaining unbroken till daylight.

Wednesday, 18th. The first dawn of day found us a few miles from the summit of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, where the train had been brought to a stand-still by the engine breaking down. The line ran along the side of the mountain, which was thickly covered with snow, from which towered up enormous pine trees. Away down in a valley some hundred feet below us, lay the beautiful and transparent waters of Lake Tahoe, which winds through the mountains for twenty miles. On its placid surface were reflected the pine-clad and snow-capped mountains, which, rising abruptly from its shores, were now just tinted by the first beams of the rising sun. It was a lovely scene, and plenty of time was given us to enjoy it, as we had to wait some hours until another engine arrived.

On the arrival of a fresh locomotive, we proceeded across the summit, the highest point reached by the railroad being rather less than eight thousand feet

above the sea. Thence the road descends by rather steep grades, protected for many miles from the snow-drifts and avalanches by stout timber galleries, over the roofs of which the masses of snow shoot harmlessly into the valleys below. As we descend through these galleries and tunnels cut through the rock, we obtain frequent views of great beauty, either down into the valleys and mountain lakes and rivers, or away to the more distant peaks of the Sierra Nevada range. The dark pine trees gradually give way to the oak and maple, which are again succeeded by the arbutus, the red-wood tree, and many flowering shrubs, the productions of a warmer climate. The air becomes balmy, and the cold sharp winds of the high table lands on the eastern slopes of the mountains are no longer felt.

CHAPTER XV.

ARRIVAL AT SACRAMENTO—RIVER SCENERY—SAN FRANCISCO—THE OVERLAND ROUTE—CALIFORNIA—CLIMATE AND TEMPERATURE—PRODUCTIONS—FRUIT—WINES—THE EARTHQUAKE OF OCTOBER 21ST—THE NEW DOCKS—MONOPOLY—WOOLLEN MILLS—CHINESE—THE CLIFF HOUSE—SEA-LIONS—THEATRE AND CLUB.

As we continued our journey we passed several villages inhabited entirely by Chinese, and after crossing a great level plain, resembling a prairie, but with groups of large trees scattered over it, we shortly before midday reached Sacramento, the capital of the State of California.

Sacramento is situated at the junction of the Sacramento and American rivers, and lies low, surrounded by plains and the great swamp which extends down to San Francisco. Fires and floods are the chronic evils of the place, and the climate in summer is hot and unwholesome. Most of the houses are built of brick, and the streets are regu-

larly laid out, running parallel with the river; but as we did not find the general aspect of the town prepossessing, we took the afternoon boat for San Francisco, down the Sacramento river, a distance of a hundred and twenty-five miles.

The banks of the river are well wooded, and bordered with comfortable-looking houses, surrounded by gardens, in which are produced the most magnificent apples, pears, melons, peaches, and vegetables of every sort, which grow to an extraordinary size. We soon passed by these, and steamed down through a wretched country, consisting entirely of a vast expanse of swamp, extending for twenty miles on either side. Clouds of wild fowl of every sort flew up as we passed, and, as darkness closed in, the sky was lit up with the glare of the burning tullies,—a long bulrush which covers the swamp, and when dry and dead in the autumn and early winter, burns as easily and fiercely as the prairie grass.

Passing Benicia, we entered the Bay of Suisun, a continuation of the Great Bay of San Francisco, and the place where the waters of the Sacramento

and San Joachim rivers unite. The latter, when followed up, leads to the lovely Yo-Semite valley, the most beautiful of all Californian valleys. From the bay we reached the Straits of Carquinez, eight miles in length, and through them the Bay of San Pablo, fifteen miles long by twenty wide, surrounded by fine ranges of mountains. There a storm of wind and rain came down on us, which lasted until we reached the steam-boat wharf at San Francisco, and continued to pour down steadily as we drove through the streets of the town. At last, however, we reached the Occidental Hotel, thus ending our long journey of nearly four thousand miles across the great North American continent, from New York on the Atlantic to San Francisco on the Pacific Ocean.

Though the journey across the plains entails no ordinary amount of hardship, necessitating the endurance of heat by day and cold by night,—days passed in the most uncomfortable sort of waggon imaginable, and nights in which sleep is impossible, with bad food and worse water, producing eruptions on the face and body,—still it is worth it

all. The grand excitement of hunting buffalo on the plains—elk, deer, antelope, and bears in the Rocky Mountains—cannot be obtained without undergoing a certain amount of hardship, while the varieties of life and scenery seen in such an extended journey are marvellous.

In no other way can a stranger obtain any idea of the enormous extent and undeveloped resources of the Great Republic, or understand the full truth of the assertion made by every Yankee, when talking of the journey from ocean to ocean, that America is "a big country." The Americans are naturally proud of the immense extent of territory which is embraced within the limits of their country, more especially as they consider it proved by the late war that the Union can be maintained through any internal revolutions or dissensions by which its overthrow may be attempted. When the traveller sees chains of lakes which are fresh-water seas—rivers which are broad as lakes, and navigable for thousands of miles—and then travels day by day over prairies which only want the hand of man to make them gardens, or crosses

successive chains of mountains higher than the Alps, rich in gold, silver, iron, and coal, he cannot but be struck with the conviction that such a country must have a glorious future before her. But can she ever hold together when these vast uninhabited regions become thickly populated with various races of Anglo-Saxon, Indian, Negro, and Chinese origin? If she does, then America will indeed become powerful enough to "whip all creation."

The war, which broke out in 1846, between Mexico and the United States, resulted in the cession of California and New Mexico to the latter in 1848; and when in January of that year gold was first discovered in the American river, near the present city of Sacramento, a tide of immigration from both east and west set in, causing California to be what it now is—one of the most prosperous States in the Union.

In California, the wet and dry seasons mark the difference between winter and summer. In San Francisco, the range of the thermometer is said not to be more than twenty degrees; in the winter, the

average temperature being about 60 degrees, and in summer 80 degrees Fahr. Along the coast generally, the climate is temperate. In the great valleys of the Sacramento and San Joachim rivers, it is hotter and less wholesome, while along the Sierra Nevada and the coast every climate, from that of the region of snow to almost tropical heat, may be experienced.

California is celebrated for the abundance and excellence of the fruits which it grows. From its grapes are produced very palatable wines; California champagne and hock being really excellent drinks, though very little cheaper than the French and German wines of the same name. The fruits and vegetables grown in the State are some of the finest I ever saw, and in the fruit-markets of San Francisco the apples, pears, and peaches surpass both in size and flavour those grown in Algeria, and exhibited in the windows of the Paris restaurants. The apples and peaches grown in the Eastern States always seemed to me tasteless and mealy, and not to be compared with our English fruits, while the flavour of the common American

black grape is so strong that I cannot imagine anybody preferring it to those grown in English hot-houses. The Californian fruit I thought quite equal to our own in flavour, and it certainly grows to a much larger size.

In the valley of the San Joachim river is found that marvel of vegetable life the Mammoth Grove of Calaveros, the *Washingtonia* of the Americans, known in Europe as the *Wellingtonia gigantea*. This grove consists of over ninety trees, many of which are from three to four hundred feet in height, and from eighty to a hundred feet in circumference. Though this species of tree nowhere attains such a gigantic size as in the Grove of Calaveros, numerous specimens of smaller size are met with in many of the Californian valleys. In fact, the natural tendency of the vegetable productions of California, whether they be trees, roots, plants, or fruit, seems to be to attain to a size unequalled in any other part of the world.

Finding nuggets and washing gold in the bed of the rivers is a thing of the past in California. Gold is now procured only by the regular process

of mining and crushing the quartz. Rich companies have bought up all the best claims, and own all the chief crushing-mills in the country. Monopoly, the curse of California, is doing its best to crush out all private enterprise in the way of mining; so that Nevada is now the only place where the poor emigrant may hope to dig his fortune out of the earth. Even there, to judge by what I saw and heard at the silver mines at Austin and White Pine, not one per cent. of the diggers ever make anything approaching to a fortune, while at least fifty per cent. perish from hardship, or more frequently meet with a violent death.

The population of San Francisco, which in 1848 was only eight hundred, is now about 120,000, of whom a large number are Chinese. Most of the gambling-houses which used to swarm in the town have been suppressed, and the streets are handsome, with fine stores and the best hotels in America. The latter excel especially in the matter of their cuisine.

We found the town very much alarmed by the terrible earthquake that occurred on the morning of the 21st October, 1868, by which it had been a

good deal shattered. Although attended by the loss of only five lives, more or less damage was done to nearly every house in the town; the walls being cracked, and the heavy stone balustrades and copings falling into the streets. In the lower part of the town the ground had been made by filling up the swamps which formerly bordered the bay, and some of the houses built on this artificial foundation were entirely destroyed by the earthquake. Since October last, slight shocks have been of almost daily occurrence, frightening many people away from the place, and thereby causing considerable loss to the hotels and to trade in general.

Although by the kindness of our friends in the Eastern States we had been provided with a large number of letters of introduction to the leading people in Sacramento and San Francisco, our time was so limited that we delivered none in the former, and only a few in the latter city. Among them was one to Mr. Ralston, the head of the bank of California, who expressed his regret that our short stay would prevent our visiting his country-place. This gentleman most kindly placed a carriage and horses

at our disposal, thus enabling us to visit the points of interest in the neighbourhood. On the 19th we drove out to the new Dry Docks, about six miles from the town, just built by a company who are realising the modest profit of six per cent. per month on the capital invested. The company are rich and powerful enough to be perfectly secure from the competition of a rival dock company. Monopoly is carried into every branch of trade, and if any opposition is started, it is very shortly ruined.

The Pacific Mail Steam-packet Company have now a monopoly of the mail and passenger traffic between New York and San Francisco, *viâ* the Isthmus and Mexico. An opposition was started, and continued to run up to the end of last October. Both companies conveyed first-class passengers the entire distance for a hundred dollars, provisions included, as well as the railway fare across the Isthmus, which was twenty-five dollars; the voyage occupying twenty-two days. Of course, it was a ruinous loss, and the opposition, not having such a long purse as the old company, were obliged, ultimately, to give in. A tale, how-

ever, reached my ears, to the effect that the directors were anything but losers by the transaction.

Until just lately, Wells, Fargo and Co. have had a monopoly of the entire express and passenger traffic of the whole of the Pacific States and Territories; but now an opposition express company, called the Pacific Express Company, has been started, and I hope most sincerely will have the effect of improving the accommodation afforded by the old company to unfortunate travellers.

At the Mission Mills, which we visited, the famous Californian blankets, made of pure wool, are manufactured. They are the thickest and warmest blankets I ever saw. One pair bought by Kendall was nearly half an inch thick, and weighed twenty-five pounds. They also make fine and coarse cloths of every pattern and thickness.

Nearly all the workmen employed are Chinese. These men are easily taught their duties, and are extensively employed in every sort of capacity in California. Washing and cooking seem to be their favourite occupation, and such sign-boards as "Chung Ti, washing and mangling neatly done,"

attracted our attention. The most extraordinary heathen names soon become familiar to one's eyes in San Francisco.

There are ten thousand of these queer-looking little creatures, in blue blouse and wide trousers, with long pigtails and shaved heads, in this Californian port alone, and two Chinese temples, which well repay a visit.

On the 20th we drove with Mr. Lane Booker, the British consul, to a favourite place of resort of the San Franciscans called the Cliff House. This is an hotel situated on a point of rock stretching out into the sea beyond the Golden Gate, and eight miles distant from the town. Passing by Lone Mountain Cemetery, where every society, secret and public, political and religious, seems to have a separate burial-ground, the road runs over a lot of undulating sand-hills included in the city limits, but at present only covered with lupine bushes and other flowering shrubs. The road is broad and straight, and is therefore a favourite trotting ground. Numerous buggies and sulkies, sometimes three abreast, sometimes in echelon, kept dashing past us

at a tremendous pace. The hotel is a great place for the delicious little oysters found in the bay; and in front of it, about three hundred yards from the mainland, rise the Seal Rocks. These rocks were covered with a species of seal, called the sea-lion, which lay crowded together in such numbers that it was difficult to distinguish one from another. They appeared to be extremely quarrelsome, and constantly bit and snarled at one another, uttering a loud bark.

Flocks of pelicans and every sort of sea-bird were constantly hovering round the rocks; and as the hotel derives considerable profit from the number of people who come to see the sea-lions, neither seals nor birds are ever disturbed.

In the evening Dion Boucicault's play, "After Dark," was performed by a very fair company at the theatre; and at the Union Club, of which we were made honorary members for a fortnight, we had the treat of seeing the *Times*, and hearing all the latest European news.

CHAPTER XVI.

LEAVE SAN FRANCISCO—THE AMERICAN PACIFIC STEAM-SHIP COMPANY —OUR FELLOW-PASSENGERS—THE TROPICS—THE CORDILLERAS— FLYING FISH—WHALES—SEA-BIRDS—ACAPULCO—A MEXICAN TOWN—MEXICANS—COCK-FIGHTING—A JOINT-STOCK COMPANY— GALE IN THE GULF OF TEHUANTEPEC — VOLCANOES — THE SOUTHERN CROSS—REACH PANAMA—GREAT HEAT—THE ISTHMUS OF DARIEN — MAGNIFICENT VEGETATION — DEADLY CLIMATE —NARROW ESCAPE.

On Saturday, November 21st, at 12 noon, we left San Francisco, on board the American Pacific Mail Steam-ship Company's paddle steam-ship *Colorado*, of 4000 tons burden, bound for Acapulco in Mexico, a seven days' voyage, and thence seven more to Panama. From the beautiful land-locked bay of San Francisco the best view of the town is obtained as it rises picturesquely from the water, at the end of the promontory which juts out into the bay. Opposite is seen the cloud-capped Monte Diablo, while, from the surface of the sea,

Angel Island, five miles distant, rises to the height of five hundred feet.

As we steamed slowly down the bay, a small steamer followed with a band on board, playing "Auld Lang Syne," "St. Patrick's Day," and other popular melodies. After rounding Telegraph Hill we lost sight of the Metropolis of the Pacific, and two miles farther on passed Fort Point, where a gun was fired from our ship. Proceeding through the Golden Gate, as the entrance to the bay is called, we reached the open sea and steamed rapidly over the broad blue waters of the Pacific Ocean.

The steamers of the American Pacific Mail Company run from New York to the Isthmus of Panama, thence to Mexico and California, and thence to Japan and China. The time occupied in sailing from San Francisco to Japan is about nineteen days, and to China twenty-nine. The steamers are side-wheel or paddle, of from 3000 to 5000 tons burden. Our steamer had four decks, from the upper deck to the lower being a depth of forty-five feet. The masts were small, and except the foremast, carried no sail. On the upper deck were the first-class

cabins aft, then a saloon called the social hall, where cards and flirting went on, then the funnels and great walking beam, peculiar to American-built steamers, then the officers' cabins, and at the end of the forward cabins, the wheel-house. On the second deck was a long saloon, where five hundred people might easily sit down to dinner. There were some large state rooms aft. Forward were the barber's shop, the bar-room, the butcher's shop, and other offices. On the third deck were the berths of the second-class passengers, and forward those of the emigrants and crew. Below these was the passengers' baggage, and at a still greater depth the cargo was stowed. The ship, when lit up at night, looked like a huge floating-palace, but had a deal too much top-hamper for our ideas of what is safe in a stormy ocean.

As I before mentioned, the company have a monopoly, and charge enormously high for all extras, among which boot blacking is included. For a cold bath of salt water the absurd sum of half a dollar (2*s.*) was charged every morning. Ice was enormously dear, and as for the barber he ought to

have realised a magnificent fortune, as he charged forty cents, or 1*s.* 8*d.*, for shaving and brushing the hair every day, and as no American ever shaves himself, he drove a most thriving trade.

We had about two hundred fellow-passengers, most of them bound for New York. Some were rough Western miners or farmers, who spent all the time not occupied in eating or drinking, in whittling, an amusement which seems to be peculiar to the West, as I never saw an instance of it in the East. The Press, Politics, the Army, and the Bar, with the fairer members of Californian society, were so well represented on board, that the time passed only too quickly; while the rest to body and mind after the hardships and excitement of the journey across the plains was delightfully refreshing to us.

The weather at first, though fine, was cool, with a strong breeze, so that it was not until the fourth day after our departure from San Francisco, when we had passed Cape St. Lucas, that we discarded our warm clothing, and adopted lighter garments, suitable to the tropical climate which we were just entering. The next few days the heat increased

steadily, and the usual mid-day report of the ship's course, &c., was long., so many degrees, lat., ditto, distance run 270 miles, course south-east, thermometer in the shade, 86 to 96 degrees Fahr. The early part of the night was intensely hot, making sleep in our cabins almost impossible, while the heavy dew and bright moon made it dangerous to sleep on deck. Before sunrise a refreshing breeze would generally spring up, and last till sunset, enabling one to get some refreshing sleep in the morning, and from twelve to two in the afternoon. As we approached the Mexican coast, the barren peaks of the mountains of California disappeared in the blue haze which always floats about them, and in their stead rose the forest-clad range of the Mexican Cordilleras, clothed from their cloud-capped summits down to the very edge of the sea with a rich and fresh green foliage which delighted the eye, wearied with the barren and treeless sierras of the North.

Flying-fish skimmed along the smooth surface of the sea, and all sorts of wonders of the deep became familiar objects to us. Whales spouted and played about; sharks, porpoises, and boanitas followed in

the wake of the ship; and sometimes a turtle was seen floating on the water. Above and around us sea-birds swarmed, showing in plumage and size varieties utterly unknown to me. A huge brown and white bird, measuring, I should judge, from four to five feet from tip to tip of its wings, used to fly round the ship at night, but I could not find out to what species of the feathered tribe it belonged.

On the morning of the seventh day we cast anchor in the lovely harbour of Acapulco, a town in the Republic of Mexico, distant about a hundred and fifty miles from the city of Mexico. This harbour, one of the most perfect imaginable, is of great depth. It is completely land-locked by mountains, which rise almost from the water's edge. The narrow belt of land lying between the shore and the mountains is covered with cocoas, vanilla, and the cochineal plant, productions indigenous to Mexico. At the head of the little bay, amid groves of palms and bananas, nestle the white buildings of the town, and behind it are seen the lofty Cordilleras, covered with a verdure kept ever fresh and green by the mists which rise from the ocean.

No sooner had we anchored than a whole fleet of canoes, made of the hollowed trunk of a tree, surrounded the ship, laden with coral, conch-shells, parrots, monkeys, and every variety of tropical fruit, which the dusky Mexicans eagerly offered for sale.

A party of six of us chartered a boat, and making the best of our way through the crowd of chattering natives, landed at the Custom House steps, and proceeded to a French *café*, where we got an excellent breakfast of stewed bananas, eggs, and turtle.

The town is small, containing about two thousand five hundred inhabitants of the mongrel Mexican breed, half Indian, half Spanish, with a dash of Negro blood. The streets, which are very narrow, are lined with houses built of sun-dried bricks, neatly painted or white-washed. The houses are only one story high, a precaution rendered necessary by the constant earthquakes. The walls are very thick, and the pointed roofs are covered with tiles, to keep off the intense heat. The windows are large, without glass or sashes, but protected by iron bars, which allow the air a free passage through

the rooms. By this arrangement a passer-by has a full view of the interior of the houses, and of their inmates pursuing their various domestic occupations.

The favourite manner of passing the time among the Mexicans appeared to be lying in a semi-nude state in a net hammock slung across the room, a long thin cigar between the lips, and a glass full of a beverage composed of lime-juice, rum, and water near at hand. The men were ill-looking, and were mostly dressed in coloured linen shirts and white trousers tucked up to the knee, with bare feet. Some of the women were quite beautiful, with large black eyes and clear reddish-brown complexions. A short skirt hung from the waist, while a white and often finely-embroidered chemise, open in front, revealed the whole of the neck and bosom.

Cockfighting appears to be a favourite amusement of the Mexicans, if one may judge from the number of game-cocks which, tied by the leg to the wooden pillars that support the verandahs, crowed defiance at each other from every house in the street. On the principle of doing in Mexico as the Mexicans do, we soon improvised a cock-

fight, or rather a succession of cock-fights, and having thus discovered which were the best birds, we purchased four of the victors for the sum of four dollars each, and for the rest of the voyage the great joint-stock Acapulco game-cock company, composed of Kendall, myself, and two young Americans, daily matched our cocks against those of an opposition company, thus affording amusement to all, and considerable profit to ourselves.

An old Frenchman, living at Acapulco with a Mexican wife, told me that the natives were wild with joy when they heard of the murder of the Emperor Maximilian. Indeed, to judge by the cut-throat countenances of most of the people, murder of any sort must be one of their most popular recreations. During the French occupation the Juarist bands hovered about the mountains above the town, and continually came down at night to pick off any unfortunate Frenchman they found wandering about. The robber bands, which are always prowling about the country, make the journey to Mexico city from the coast almost impossible; and if the United States should annex

Mexico, they will at least confer an immense benefit on travellers, by enabling them to explore in safety one of the most beautiful and interesting countries in the world.

On returning to our ship in the evening, each of us with a game cock under his arm, we found the natives still busily bartering their fruit, shells, and parrots with the crew and passengers; and those who had disposed of their cargoes were earning money by diving for pieces of silver thrown into the sea from the deck of the steamer, a somewhat dangerous amusement, as sharks abound in the harbour. It is commonly said, indeed, that a shark won't eat a nigger; but if I were a nigger, I shouldn't like to give him the chance.

On the night of the 28th, while steaming down the Gulf of Tehuantepec the wind commenced to blow, and the gale gradually increased in violence till it blew with such force that it was impossible to stand on deck without holding on. The ship was at once run in under the lee of the shore, and although the sea was a mass of foam, which was driven by the wind in clouds across the deck, still there was very little

motion. By daylight we had run through the gale, without sustaining any damage beyond a sleepless night to some of the ladies and other timid passengers.

On Tuesday, December 1st, we were roused up at 4.30 A.M. by the news that we were then passing several volcanoes on the Central American coast, from which we were only a few miles distant. We could just make out the outline of three cone-shaped mountains, overhung by luminous clouds. The northern volcano, called "Fuego," and that next to it "Agua," are situated more than twenty miles from the shore; the former rising 14,000 feet, and the latter 13,500 feet above the sea. Both are in the republic of Guatemala. South of them, and only twelve miles inland, rises the volcano of Isalco in San Salvador. When we saw it, it was in a violent state of eruption. Through the lurid cloud which overhung it, we could see columns of fire shoot up, while the lava which ran down the side resembled streams of molten fire. As the sun rose, the fiery cloud changed to a heavy smoke which nearly concealed the mountain from

sight, and as we steamed on it gradually sank below the horizon.

All that day and the following one we kept within a few miles of the coast, which appeared to be covered with rich tropical forests. We passed many palm-covered islands, of which the only inhabitants are monkeys, and birds of gorgeous plumage. On the morning of the 4th, being in lat. 6° 30′ north, the Southern Cross was well above the horizon, glittering amid the constellations familiar to us in our northern clime; and on Sunday morning, the 5th, we cast anchor in the roadstead of Panama, thus ending our pleasant voyage of three thousand and three hundred miles from San Francisco.

Although it was only 2 A.M. when we cast anchor off the island of Tobago, distant three miles from the main land, still the bustle of arriving and the barbarous shouts of our Chinese crew, together with the intense heat, no longer tempered by the breeze caused by the ship's rapid passage through the air, made us give up the attempt to sleep any longer. We accordingly collected our baggage, tipped the stewards, and by 6 A.M. had embarked in a small

row-boat, in which we soon approached the dilapidated but picturesque ramparts of Panama, manned by the equally dilapidated but far from picturesque black soldiers of the South American Republic of New Granada.

Having left our luggage at the railway station we proceeded to the Grand Hotel, where we were soon in the full enjoyment of breakfast, musquitoes, and a temperature of 110 degrees Fahr. in the shade.

Panama is a curious old town. Its towers and crumbling walls are green with damp, and overgrown with the rankest tropical vegetation. The population, numbering about 12,000, is composed chiefly of negroes, the little black children running about the streets stark naked. The climate is said to be one of the most unwholesome in the world, and the few white inhabitants of the town have a worn, sallow appearance, very suggestive of yellow fever and ague. Situated at the foot of Mount Anchon, on a peninsula stretching out into the fine Bay of Panama, it has the advantage of being a free port, and does a fair amount of trade in Chinese goods, cigars, and Panama hats. In the

purchase of these articles we walked about the town until the perspiration poured off us. Our heads were as wet as if we had just dipped them in a bucket of water. The moisture of the atmosphere, combined with the heat of the sun, produced a temperature I can only compare to that of a Turkish bath.

As our train for Aspinwall was timed to leave at 1 P.M., we repaired to the station at that hour, and soon after were steaming away across the Isthmus of Darien at the rate of about twelve miles an hour. In 1855, five years after its commencement, the railway was completed from the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean, a distance of forty-nine miles. The waste of human life in those five years was awful. Thousands upon thousands perished under the influence of the deadly climate, and it is said that every sleeper laid down in constructing the line represents the sacrifice of at least one human being.

But what a paradise of the senses is this beautiful land through which the railway passes! The constant rain and the intense heat of the sun produce a

vegetation more lovely and luxuriant than is to be seen anywhere else in the world. Gigantic trees, mahogany, bamboo, palms of every variety, bananas, tree ferns, magnolias, tall grasses, and innumerable flowering trees and shrubs, compose the forests and fringe the banks of the rivers, while from the surface of the swamps spring white, yellow, and blue lilies of every size and description. Amid all this glorious foliage dart birds of brilliant plumage, and insects whose glittering wings rival the hues of the rainbow.

There is, however, a reverse side to this picture. Through the forests crawl deadly snakes, while the rivers and swamps teem with hideous alligators, and the same abundant rain and burning sun which call forth such exuberance of animal and vegetable life produce the pestilent malaria and deadly vomito. Nature thus reconciles us to the scanty vegetation and the cold skies of our own northern climate, where reptiles and fevers are comparatively unknown.

Here and there through the forest we came on large clearings occupied by native settlements, and

converted into fine meadow land, on which grazed cattle and goats. The native huts are composed of bamboo or palm, the pointed roofs covered with dry palm leaves. At the doors of the huts bananas, cocoa-nuts, and native tobacco were exposed for sale. The inhabitants, black and brown, crowded up to see the train pass by. The men and women were nearly naked, the children in a complete state of nature.

A grade of sixty feet to the mile brought us to the divide between the oceans. Thence, descending the Atlantic slope, the line is carried across the Chagres River by an iron bridge two hundred yards long. Just as we approached the bridge an immense tree fell across the line, and before the engine could be stopped, it had passed over and cut through several of the smaller branches. Providentially the train was not thrown off the rails, and all the male passengers descending and lending a hand, we soon got the line clear, and continued our journey. Had the tree fallen a few seconds later, it must have crushed in some of the cars, which were all crowded with passengers.

Passing over a deep swamp fringed with mangrove trees, we crossed the frith and reached the island of Manzanilla, on which is situated the Atlantic terminus of the Panama railroad, called by the Americans Aspinwall, and by the English Colon. The journey across the isthmus took us just four hours.

CHAPTER XVII.

ASPINWALL — PART FROM OUR AMERICAN FRIENDS — HEAT AND MOSQUITOES — SUNDAY AT COLON — START FOR JAMAICA — THE RIVAL PILOTS — PORT ROYAL — BAY OF KINGSTON — CUBAN REFUGEES — KINGSTON — BARRACKS OF THE NATIVE TROOPS — COALING — A BODY-GUARD OF AMAZONS — FIREFLIES — NEWCASTLE — MORANT BAY — ST. DOMINGO — GUANO ISLAND — ST. THOMAS — TRACES OF THE EARTHQUAKE — APPEARANCE OF THE TOWN AND INHABITANTS.

ASPINWALL, or Colon, is a miserable town of about a hundred and fifty houses, mostly built of wood, with a damp unhealthy appearance. Its inhabitants consist of Jamaica negroes, a few natives, and some white railway and steamship employés.

Alongside the wharfs lay the American steamer bound for New York, and the English West India Mail steamship "Tasmanian" of 2500 tons burden, in which we engaged berths for Southampton, *viâ* the West India Islands. As our ship was not advertised to sail until the following evening, we went with our American friends on board their

steamer and had a parting dinner with them, after which we saw them fairly started on their homeward voyage, and then retired to sleep on board our own ship, where we were nearly stifled with heat and horribly tormented with mosquitoes.

The following day, Sunday, December 6th, we strolled about the dirty streets of Colon, vainly endeavouring to quench the thirst produced by the scorching heat, by drinking a succession of champagne cocktails and having our heads shampooed by a negro barber.

The only solid bit of ground on the island appeared to be that facing the sea, on which two or three very good sun-dried brick houses are built. There is also a neat stone church, where afternoon service was performed in English. The congregation was composed of about thirty negro men and women, and half a dozen whites. The clergyman who read the service looked worn and ill, and said he had only just returned from the north, where he had gone to try to get rid of a fever. This it was very evident he had not succeeded in doing, as he had to stop several times during the service, and rest before he

could continue reading. Many of the houses of the town are built on piles driven into the black ooze of the mangrove swamp, and a small mosquito, with a most venomous bite, swarms in the streets and houses, attacking its victims with equal perseverance by day and by night.

When at 6 P.M. the *Tasmanian* steamed slowly away from the wharf, we saw without regret the lights of Colon disappear below the horizon, as we glided across the calm surface of the Caribbean Sea, in whose dark blue waters every star was reflected as distinctly as in a mirror.

Wednesday 9th.—Early morning found us running along the bold mountainous coast of Jamaica, and when about three miles from Port Royal we saw two pilot boats, long and narrow, approaching as fast as the sturdy arms of the negro crew could drive them through the water. A tremendous race ensued, the boat on the port side finally reaching our quarter first. A rope was thrown to the dusky pilot, who swung himself up on board with wonderful agility, while the crew of the boat made her fast to the rope, and were thus towed alongside

of us. They proclaimed their victory over their rivals by seizing two enormous conch shells, from which they produced loud and dismal sounds by blowing through the end until their eyes looked ready to start out of their heads.

Just off Port Royal we had to stop until the medical officer came on board, before we were allowed to enter the bay.

Port Royal consists of a few white houses and a fort. It is situated at the end of the long sandy peninsula which separates the Bay of Kingston from the open sea. The houses are built on ground hardly at all above the level of the sea, and yellow fever is said to be more prevalent there than in any other part of the island. Under a grove of palm trees close by were white tents, where some soldiers were encamped. Having shown a clean bill of health we steamed on up the bay, and at 11 A.M. arrived off the Company's coal wharf at Kingston.

The shores, the streets and the wharf were so crowded with negroes, all in a state of great excitement, that the hose had to be turned on to the blacks on the wharf before the ship could be made

fast or the planks put across between the vessel and the shore.

On landing we learned that the cause of all the excitement was that the natives imagined we had just come from Cuba and had a number of fugitives on board, escaping from the tumults and revolutions at present going on in that island. The town is already crowded with refugees, and lodgings are said to be at fabulous prices, and almost impossible to get.

Seen from the sea nothing can be prettier than the situation of Kingston, surrounded by the palm trees and bright tropical vegetation which stretches back to the well-wooded mountains, forming a semicircle round the plain on which the town is built. On entering the streets the charm is a good deal dispelled, as the houses are dingy, and many of them ruinous, while a general air of decay and depression is visible everywhere.

Having made some purchases in the town, including two turtles, for which we paid sixpence a pound, we drove out to the barracks of the 3rd West India regiment, standing on higher ground about two miles

back from the town. On the way we passed the race-course, where they were making preparations for the approaching race meeting. The course is on the American principle, composed of clay, not turf, and unshaded by trees, so that how the horses, riders, or spectators can stand the intense heat is more than I can imagine. After a long drive in the cool of the evening over the excellent road which runs along the foot of the mountains, we returned on board to dress, preparatory to dining at the barracks.

At the ship we found the operation of coaling going on vigorously. The coal was carried on board on the heads of a number of stalwart negresses, who kept up the most prodigious chatter with the extraordinary ya-ya laugh peculiar to their race. They were the biggest, ugliest, and strongest-looking negresses I ever saw, and should a body-guard of black Amazons be thought desirable for the Governor of Jamaica, he would find no difficulty in procuring one, in height, if not in personal appearance—which colour is most ornamental I suppose is a mere matter of taste and habit—fully equal to Her Majesty's Household Cavalry.

Seldom have I enjoyed the luxury of a good mess dinner, with plenty of iced champagne and a good cigar afterwards in the verandah, as I did that night in the sultry climate of Jamaica. As we drove back from the barracks in the darkness of the night, thousands of little sparks of light which kept darting about revealed the presence of hosts of fireflies, or lightning bugs, as I have heard them called in America.

After an awfully hot night, we got under way at eight o' clock on Thursday morning, and steaming out of the bay, passed the unfortunate men of war anchored off Port Royal, and continued our voyage down the coast of the island.

High up on the mountain, clinging to the steep side and frequently hidden by clouds, we could see the white houses which compose the little town of Newcastle. These are the quarters of the European regiment for the time being stationed in Jamaica, and at that great height above the sea it was hoped that they would be above the reach of the deadly yellow fever. The fever, however, appeared there not very long ago, and carried off more than half

the inhabitants. The cause of its presence was supposed to be that Newcastle is so frequently wrapped in clouds which appear to rest more on that ridge of the mountain than anywhere else. Here and there, on every peak, were dotted the white houses of the planters; and down on the lower ground near the sea bright green patches marked where the sugar-cane grew. Presently we came abreast of Morant Bay, where we could distinguish the court-house of bloody memory in the late negro insurrection. We did not lose sight of the mountains until the sun had set behind a bank of crimsoned clouds. The succeeding darkness hid everything from view except the waves, which glittered with phosphoric light, and fell in showers of spray across our bows as we pitched and rolled under the influence of a strong north-east trade wind.

Early on Friday morning we sighted St. Domingo, and at 1 P.M. anchored in the bay, about half a mile from the town of Jacmel, which lay on our starboard side as we faced the head of the bay. On our port side, about a mile distant, a battery was situated at some height above the water. From this

battery Salnave amuses himself by continually firing at the town of Jacmel, quite regardless of any ships which may happen to be in the line of fire. As the country was in such a disturbed state we were not allowed to land, and therefore had no opportunity of making a near acquaintance with the turbulent inhabitants of this black republic.

In a few hours we had landed our mails and one passenger, a native of the island, and again proceeded on our voyage. We steamed all day and night along the coast of the island, which is nearly as big as England. The mountains are covered with forests which produce the finest mahogany trees, and a large extent of table land is at an elevation where the climate is cool and bracing. It used to produce an abundance of coffee and sugar, but under the lazy, ignorant blacks there is little cultivation, less trade, and no security to life or property. It would surely be a far better speculation for the Yankees to annex St. Domingo than to pay a large sum of money for the small island of St. Thomas, not nearly so fertile or wholesome.

On Saturday night we were surprised to see a

bright light burning on a small uninhabited rocky island just ahead of us. As we approached it the shrill screams of numbers of sea-birds flying round us in the air showed that the light belonged to some ship collecting guano.

On Sunday morning, 13th, we dropped anchor in the fine bay of St. Thomas, just off Water Island, and about a mile from the town. Having got permission to land from the health officer we were soon on our way to the harbour in a small boat pulled by three black, shiny-faced negroes in enormous Panama hats and ragged linen trousers.

The shores of the bay showed sad traces of the terrible earthquake of last year, being covered with wrecks. Some were high and dry on the shore, where they were cast by the great wave which rose over thirty feet high, and destroyed everything that floated in the bay and harbour, even large steamers, sailing vessels, and smart little schooners. Many vessels went down at their anchorage, and the tops of funnels and masts are still seen above the water.

Most of the houses injured by the earthquake

have now been repaired, and the town has a bright, clean, and lively appearance. The harbour was crowded with shipping, including a Haytian man of war and several English, American, and Spanish steamers. From the fort floated the white horse of Denmark, which the inhabitants profess themselves eager to change for the stars and stripes of America.

It being Sunday the streets were crowded with darkies of every shade, full-blooded negro, mulatto, quadroon, and octaroon, all dressed in their best and most becoming style. The ladies endeavour to improve their appearance by wearing the most brilliant colours they can procure. Red and white dresses, with yellow or blue handkerchiefs tied round the head, appeared to be regarded as the *ne plus ultra* of fashion. A band of Danish soldiers played several popular tunes in the gardens in front of the Hotel, which seemed to afford immense delight to the crowds of negroes who thronged the garden and street.

CHAPTER XVIII.

START FOR ENGLAND—WRECK OF THE RHONE—TORTOLA—GLORIOUS SUNSET IN A CALM—A HEAVY GALE IN MID-ATLANTIC—SUNDAY BEFORE CHRISTMAS—DROWNED OUT—LOOSE SAILS, BULWARKS AND LIFE-BOAT—CHRISTMAS EVENING—A VESSEL VAINLY ENDEAVOURS TO SIGNAL—REACH PLYMOUTH SOUND—FEARFUL WEATHER IN THE CHANNEL—REACH SOUTHAMPTON.

Repairing on board at 11 A.M. on Monday, 14th, we soon afterwards steamed away from our berth, where we lay between two intercolonial West Indian mail steamers, which had transferred their cargoes to us, and were about to return to the various islands between which they ply.

In a few hours we passed the island close to which the ill-fated *Rhone* perished, with most of her passengers, in the earthquake of last year. Her masts were still seen high above the water, apparently about two hundred yards from the shore. A little farther on we passed Tortola, a fine mountainous island, evidently not swallowed up by the

ocean, as we in England were led to believe by the startling telegram which announced that it "had been submerged under the sea."

The strong north-east trader which we had met the whole way from the Isthmus continued to blow steadily until Thursday evening, when it fell a dead calm just before sunset. And what a glorious sunset it was! The sky one blaze of crimson, ever growing softer and more beautiful, while the sea, without a ripple on her heaving bosom, looked like one vast opal, so beautifully did the colours mingle on the milky surface of the water. It was a glimpse of heaven we were permitted to see before the awful storm we were about to encounter.

On Friday a fresh breeze sprang up from the south-west, washing a flying-fish right on to the quarter-deck. This breeze increased all day and night, and the following day, until it blew a heavy gale from the west. A tremendous sea got up, and the ship rolled so heavily that sleep by night or exercise on the deck by day was impossible.

About 5 A.M. on Sunday a fearful sea struck the ship on the port side, carrying away the bul-

warks and smashing in the lamp-room, the *débris* of which, lamps, cans of oil, lanterns, &c., followed by deluges of water, came crashing down through the skylight into our cabins. Woke up by the crash out of the first sleep I had had for the last two nights, and seeing the tons of water pouring down into the cabins, I certainly thought at first that it was all over with us. Then I saw half-naked figures, with blankets hastily thrown over their shoulders, flying out of their cabins, and endeavouring to make their way on deck. So I hurried on a few clothes, and wading up to my knees in water, which rushed from side to side as the ship rolled, I managed to scramble upon deck.

The sight I there saw of a heavy gale in mid-Atlantic I shall never forget. The huge mountainous waves, as they towered high above our topmasts, looking as if they must swallow us up, making our ship appear no bigger than a cockle-shell on the wide waste of raging waters. Our fore and main-top-gallant-sails and jib had been successively carried away, and we were now running before the gale under a close-reefed-topsail.

The ship rolled until her quarter-deck touched the waves, which occasionally broke clean over us. The bulwarks were swept away on both sides, and just after I came on deck, a sea, striking the stern life-boat on the starboard side, smashed it to pieces, and twisted the thick iron davit which supported it on one side, as if it was a bit of straw. The boat hung suspended to the other davit, threatening to break in the saloon windows, till the captain seized an axe and cut her adrift. Though that Sunday before Christmas was miserable enough to all on board the *Tasmanian*, there were other ships in worse plight than we were. The sad accounts which appeared in the papers under the heading of "the recent gales" showed how many a noble vessel had, in this storm, perished in the raging waves of the Atlantic.

On Monday the gale somewhat moderated, allowing us to resume our course, from which the storm had driven us; but towards evening it came on to blow again as hard as ever, from the north-west. Day after day this tempestuous weather continued, slightly lessening on Christmas morning, but coming

on just as bad at night. Endeavouring to make the best of a sufficiently cheerless Christmas, we brewed an enormous bowl of hot rum-punch in the evening, and conveyed it to the smoking-room, where we sat on the tables to keep us out of the water which rushed about the floor, and smoked, and sang, and drank the health of all at home, though our voices could scarcely be heard above the noise of the gale which raged around us.

On Tuesday we sighted a big sailing-vessel, of about 1200 tons burden, running before the gale under one torn rag of a sail. As we neared her, she endeavoured to speak us, but the signals were blown out of the halyards before we could make them out. She was rolling her decks under water, while the waves often broke clean over her topmasts. As she did not appear to be in distress, however, we did not delay to see what she wanted, and she was soon out of sight far astern of us.

On Saturday evening we sighted the lighthouses on the Scilly Islands, and on Sunday morning, in a perfect hurricane of wind and rain, entered Plymouth Sound. Though we passed close to the

Eddystone Lighthouse, it was not till we were some miles past it, and the driving mist cleared for a minute, that our captain was able to make out its position, or where we were. From the pilot, who came on board in the Sound, we learnt that no communication had taken place between the lighthouse and the mainland for eight weeks, and that the weather in the Channel had been fearful. Having landed mails and passengers, we again steamed out into the gale, and early on Monday morning, 28th December, anchored off Netley Hospital, Southampton.

APPENDIX.

THE FOLLOWING IS A LIST OF THE ANIMALS HUNTED AND SHOT BY US IN AMERICA.

The American buffalo or bison (*Bos americanus*), killed on the plains west of the Missouri.

The elk or wapiti (*Cervus canadensis*), killed in the Rocky Mountains.

The Virginian deer (*Cervus virginianus*), killed in the forests of the Adirondack region.

The white-tailed deer (*Cervus lucernus*), killed on the plains west of Missouri river.

The black-tailed deer (*Cervus macrotis*), killed on the plains and in Rocky Mountains.

The prong-horn antelope (*Antilocapra americana*), killed on the plains and in the Rocky Mountains.

The big-horn or mountain sheep (*Ovis montana*), killed in the Rocky Mountains.

The jackass rabbit or hare (*Lepus callotis*), killed in the Rocky Mountains.

The sage rabbit (*Lepus artemisia*), killed in the Rocky Mountains.

The black mink (*Putorius nigrescens*), killed in the Adirondack region.

The grey wolf (*Canis occidentalis*), killed on the plains west of the Missouri.

The prairie wolf or coyote (*Canis latrans*), killed on the plains and in the Rocky Mountains.

The beaver (*Castor canadensis*), caught in the Rocky Mountains.

The pouched gopher (*Gromys bursarius*), caught near Fort Steel, Rocky Mountains.

The prairie dog (*Gromys ludovicianus*), caught on the plains west of Missouri river.

The musk rat (*Fiber zibethicus*), killed in marshes near Missouri river, Iowa.

The striped ground squirrel (*Tamias striatus*), killed in forests of Adirondack region.

BIRDS.

The wild turkey (*Meleagris gallopavo*), shot in the creeks intersecting the plains west of Missouri river.

The prairie hen (*Cupidonia cupido*), shot on the prairies of Iowa.

The spruce partridge (*Tetrao canadensis*), shot in the forests of the Adirondack region.

Sharp-tailed grouse (*Pediocœtes phasianellus*), shot in the valleys intersecting the plains west of Missouri river.

Sage hens (*Centrocircus mophasianus?*), shot in the Rocky Mountains.

Grey mountain grouse (*Bonasa umbellus*), shot in the valleys of the Rocky Mountains.

English snipe (*Gallinago Wilsonii*), shot on the marshes near Missouri river, Iowa.

Brent goose (*Bernilla Brenta*), shot on the marshes near Missouri river, Iowa.

The mallard (*Anas boschas*), shot near Missouri river, Iowa; on the plains and Rocky Mountains.

The pintail (*Dufila acuta*), shot near Missouri river, and on the plains and Rocky Mountains.

Green-winged teal (*Nettion carolinensis*), shot on marshes near Missouri river, Iowa.

Blue-winged teal (*Querquedula discors*), shot in the valleys of the Rocky Mountains.

Shoveller duck (*Spatula clypeata*), shot on the marshes near Missouri river, Iowa.

American widgeon (*Mareca americana*), shot on the marshes near Missouri, Iowa.

The loon or great northern diver (*Colymbus torquatus*), shot on the lakes in the Saranac region.

FISH.

In the lakes of the Saranac region and Adirondack Mountains we caught the small river trout, great lake trout, cat-fish, pike, and pickerell. In the Rocky Mountains and Humbolt river, Nevada, I saw a species of black-spotted trout, caught by the Indians, but I believe unknown in Eastern America or Europe.

REPTILES.

The only reptiles we met with were rattlesnakes, water-snakes, land-turtles, and frogs of every variety.

The above Latin names are taken from the published reports of explorations and surveys made by order of the United States government in 1853—56.

THE END.

BRADBURY, EVANS, AND CO., PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

HURST AND BLACKETT'S

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